OUR BEST NUMBER SO FAR

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 16. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 20, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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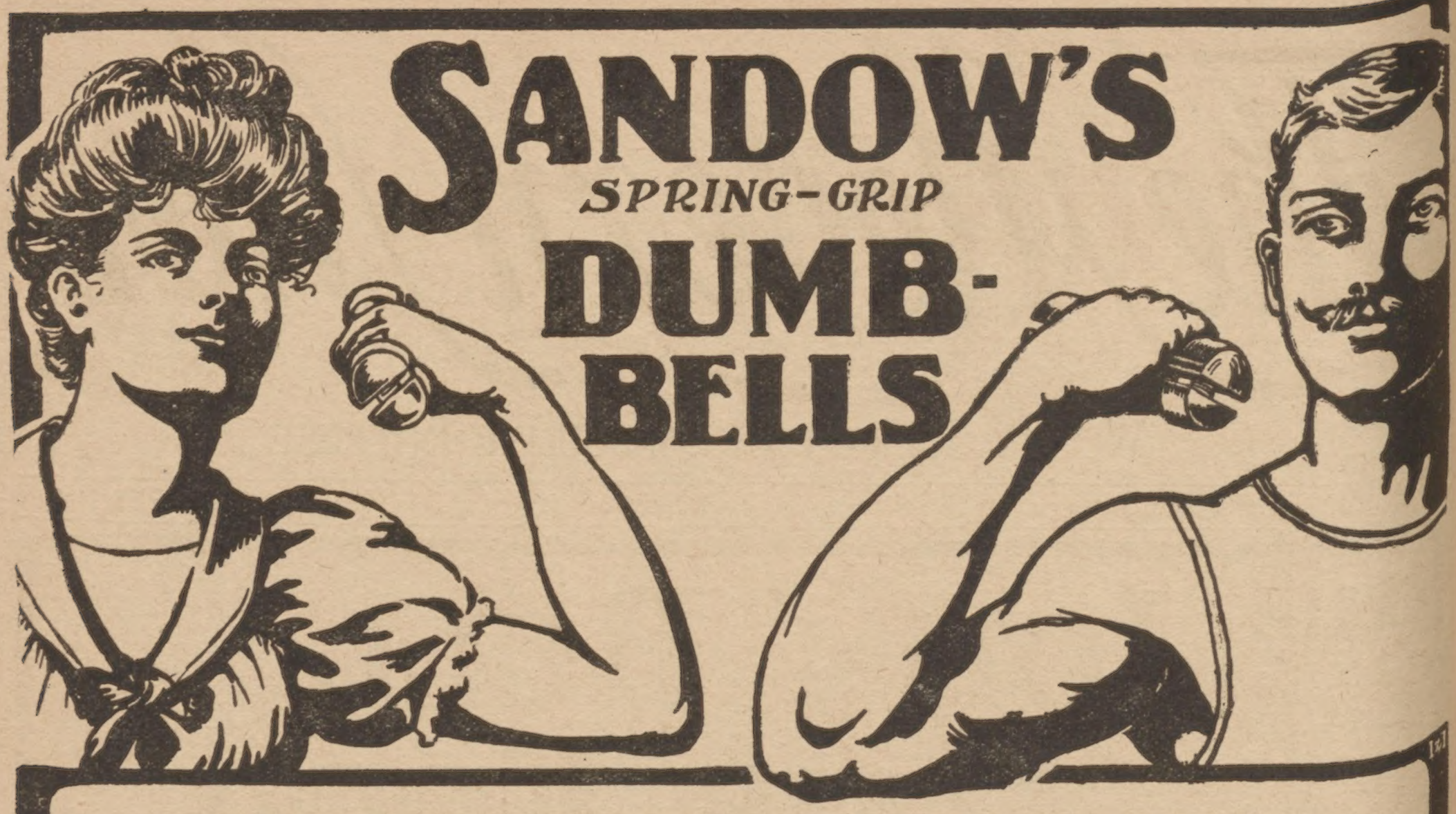

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1. TO USE SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS FREE OF COST FOR 30 DAYS.

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The Springs being removable, they can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete, and are a perfect and complete Physical Culture Outfit. Address all communications to—

Room 39, SANDOW HALL, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 16. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 20TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

FOOTBALL AS A JOB.

NOT SO BRIGHT AS IT'S PAINTED.

Where are the crack players of yesterday? That is the question which you should ask yourself before throwing up a job and essaying to become a professional footballer.

Some of them are back in the coal pit where they worked before they started playing. Some are once more in the factory or the ironworks. Some are trainers. A very few are in prosperity.

A footballer's professional career averages from five to seven years, and is in this respect wholly unlike that of a cricketer, who may go on playing for as many as fifteen years.

The footballer over twenty-six has to keep his age dark unless he is a man of most exceptional ability, and even with this in his favour he has practically done with the game when he reaches the age of thirty.

The public simply will not patronise a club which engages old players. The popular view is that, when a man is over his first youth, his dash is gone and he tries not to win but to save himself as much as possible.

A football career, therefore, is good while it lasts, but it does not last long. Even the brief span of five years may not be enjoyed by the player. A twisted ankle or a strained knee may terminate his career as a player at any moment.

The £4 a week salary is dazzling to the average young man, but in most instances he would be well advised to stick to his trade. £4 a week for five years is not as good as a permanent increase on your ordinary wages of £1 a week, which might be attained by study and self-improvement during those all important years between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

Should your love of the game impel you to become a professional in spite of all these considerations, the main thing is to make hay while the sun shines.

Get yourself established in business with the aid of the wages you receive, and, moreover, do so while the glamour of popular fancy still forms a halo about your brows.

The man who kept goal for England twenty years ago is forgotten to-day. If his name appears above a shop it attracts no custom, whereas the tradesman who is known to be a member of a popular team has an important business asset which he would be foolish not to turn to account.

This view is gradually spreading amongst professional players and we find them making far more serious preparation for middle and old age than used to be the case.

There are still, however, many young professionals who live up to every penny of their salary, instead of saving a bit.

Ten years hence we shall perhaps hear less of the hard luck that has fallen to the lot of the old professional, but if we do, the improvement will be a result of effort on the part of the players themselves. It will not be due to any improvement in the conditions of service to the football god.

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WALTER REEVES.

CHEEK.

"In 999 cases out of 1,000," says Sir H. von Herkomer, R.A., "the snapshot is little short of a personal libel against which there is no legal redress." Quite so. But how about *some* R.A.'s portraits?

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A contemporary has an article on "The Purchase of Brides." There are all sorts of ways of wasting money.

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Mrs. K. S. Macquoid, the popular and veteran novelist, tells us that "you can't be emotional with a typewriter." What! Not even when she wears a Merry Widow hat and a peekaboo blouse?

* * * * * * *

"The newspaper should teach as well as tickle," says Mr. Augustine Birrell. After the manner of Harry Lauder we really shall have to request the *Times* to stop its ticklin'.

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Carry Nationalities: It appears that Mrs. Carry Nation is very fond of onions. It is she, you know, who complains so bitterly of the unpleasant breath of people who drink. Mrs. Nation does not like the London music hall hooligan, despite his frequent invitations to her to axe his foot—and other portions of his anatomy. She is also very displeased with the cigarette-smoking small boy who, when she asked whether he did not know he was going to hell, replied "axe me another."

* * * * * * *

Asked how he lived, a debtor at Lambeth answered: "On my merits." He was noticeably thin.

* * * * * * *

"Some human beings might have been brought up by an Ant of exceptionally high character. They never revolt against labour, they do not hate it as so many of us do. They never waste sixpence," says the *British Weekly*. If someone had to bring us up, we should prefer a rich and kindly Uncle all the time.

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"Profits," says Mr. Andrew Carnegie, "should be as great as brains can make them." Other people's brains?

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M. Georges Lorin, a French sculptor, wants twenty-five eagles with whose help he proposes to make a flight from the Eiffel Tower by harnessing himself to their pinions. While he is training them M. Lorin might do worse than design his own tombstone.

* * * * * * *

Sir Robert Hart tells us that there are no after-dinner speakers in China. No wonder China is called the celestial land.

* * * * * * *

Announced to speak at Harringay recently, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., wrote excusing himself on the ground that he had been in the hands of the dentist, who had left him so few teeth that when he spoke he could not be heard. We wonder whether that dentist owns any railway stock?

NORMAN FRASER.

THE CYCLIST.

IS HE A SPORTSMAN?

Well can I remember the time when cyclists were described by now devotees of the wheel as "cads on castors." It was during that period—before the advent and multiplication of motors—when the only road nuisance was a scorching cyclist or a club of his species.

The scorcher never was representative of cycling men, and the community began to see this and to take up cycling themselves, till at the present time you have to search far and wide to find a man who has never ridden a bike.

In spite of this, the cyclist does not even now get his due. Nobody thinks of calling him harsh names, but few acknowledge his right to the title of sportsman.

"Do you go in for sport at all?" someone asks.

"Well, I'm very keen on cycling," you reply.

"Yes, I daresay," he remarks, "but I was asking about sport."

If you inquired why he did not consider the cyclist to be a sportsman, he would probably tell you that he restricted this term to those who played games or killed things.

Cycling is not a game, neither while enjoying it do you kill things—intentionally, anyhow. Yet its devotee is a sportsman, a better one by far than many of the players of games.

Like all other true sports, it makes its disciples hardy, plucky and self-reliant.

To deal with the first attribute: when you take up distance cycling, you soon learn to disregard a wetting. You are caught in a storm capeless, but you do not fly for refuge to the nearest cottage, there to wait till the rain goes off. No. You plug on through the thick of it, working a little harder to keep your heat up and thinking of the refreshing bath and change that await you at your journey's end—all the more welcome because you have faced that journey like a man.

Cycling breeds pluck, too. Only a fool takes unnecessary risks, but there are minor dangers which every wheelman has to encounter, and close acquaintance with them gives him courage if he did not have it to start with.

Self-reliant he must be. He is far from the nearest repairing shop when a saddle spring snaps or a nut works off, and he has to devise a means for putting things temporarily straight.

Then there is the recreative element, which is an essential ingredient of all sport. In cycling we have it in full measure. Where is there joy equal to that of sailing over a good road, through a beautiful country, with a smooth-running machine beneath you?

Finally—and this is something to be proud of—in no sport will you find such comradeship amongst its devotees. The cyclist in difficulties may expect help from any passing wheelman, and, what is more, he gets it.

That cycling produces this generous outlook, this readiness to assist, proves it to be worthy of a front place in the list of our pastimes, and the man who goes in for it is a thorough sportsman.

REX FLEMING.

IN DEFENCE OF THE LEGION:

[In a recent number I published an article entitled "The Legion of Humbugs," in which Mr. H. Gray-Reid shot the arrows of his wit and satire at the Legion of Frontiersmen.

Since its publication I have received many letters from readers—a large proportion being from soldiers and ex-soldiers — congratulating me on printing the article, and fully endorsing the views expressed in it.

On the other hand I have had letters from some twelve members of the Legion, protesting against it. I was on the point of reproducing selections from these—for I think it right that both sides should be heard—when there reached me the following remarkable letter and article from Mr. Roger Pocock, founder and Commissioner of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

His name must be familiar to every reader, for, whether the Legion is or is not what Mr. Gray-Reid asserts it is, there can be no doubt that, but for Mr. Pocock's initiative and powers of organisation, it would never have had an existence at all.

It was he who started it, and he is therefore the best qualified to explain its aims and purposes.

As you will observe, he challenges Mr. Gray-Reid to fight a duel. Although such things are sufficiently frequent on the Continent, there is no record in the history of journalism, at least within the last hundred years, of a man in this country being challenged to combat because of something he has written. Nevertheless I think it highly probable that my contributor will accept the challenge, for he is a thorough sportsman. I have sent him a copy of Mr. Pocock's letter, and I hope to print his reply next week.

We may, I think, look for some sensational developments in connection with the episode.—YOUR EDITOR.]

MR. POCOCK'S CHALLENGE.

6, Adam St.,
Adelphi, W.C.

Sir,

THE MODERN MAN is above all things a sportsman, who will see no man attacked without giving him a chance to defend himself.

Now your contributor Mr. H. Gray-Reid challenges our Legion of Frontiersmen, and calls us humbugs.

We are all delighted with his sporting challenge, and eager to make his personal acquaintance.

We cannot pretend to meet in verbal debate so alert and witty a writer, and it would be beneath his dignity as a gentleman to challenge us merely to a duel of words.

We ask him rather in what exercise of manly skill he prefers to make good his personal challenge.

In all courtesy, and under the rules of his own special variety of pugilism, wrestling, or of any other lawful combat, we would like to make him known to a member of the Legion, of his own size, weight, and degree of training.

In all details we will conform so far as we can to his wishes.

But if Mr. H. Gray-Reid is not prepared to support his words with deeds, there is an apology which he owes to himself as a gentleman, and to us as being most wantonly attacked.

As to the alternative, we know from his published article that Mr. Gray-Reid is not a coward, but a representative of modern manhood.

Pending our better acquaintance, perhaps there are readers of your excellent journal—to which we wish success—who may care to hear our own views of the Legion.

HIS DEFENCE OF THE LEGION HE FOUNDED.

WHAT IS A FRONTIERSMAN?

A man of good character, trained in war, in the work of wild countries, or at sea, serving the King at his own expense, and ready to aid His Majesty's Forces in any of the odd jobs of warfare to which his training has adapted him.

WHAT IN THUNDER ARE WE DOING HERE?

Earning our living.

Each week members come home on business or pleasure, reporting to our Home Commands.

Each week members sail from England who will bring news to our Commands overseas.

So we manage to keep touch between say the White Horse, Newchang, and Blantyre Commands; Leeds has news of outlying men in Thibet; and the man just in from Banksland meets the chap from Tierra del Fuego at a Legion meeting in Glasgow.

The sun does not set upon the Legion, but in each district the people suppose us to be a local corps.

As to our joining the Territorials. Our men are free to do so, and a few have accepted commissions. Our average man, however, who may be leaving in the spring for Selangor or Iquique would not be able to attend the year's parades in Kent.

72 per cent. of us have finished our Service and have bars on our medals; whereas the Territorials prefer to train young men.

Of course we do our best to persuade young men to serve in the Forces, also a great many of us are helping the Boy Scouts, and all of us are hearty supporters of the patriotic societies, but we feel that to set an example of disinterested service is better than to accept the taxpayers' money in a state-supported corps.

WHEREFORE THIS COSTUME?

Official Recognition, almost throughout the Empire, gives to that costume belligerent rights in war.

Being merely civilians, we might have been ridiculed had we aped the military.

Moreover, paying all our own expenses, we were too poor to buy anything except the plain kit for field service.

The Stetson hat is preferred by nearly all irregular soldiers, because it guards the eyes from sun and storm, and so improves one's aim.

The scarf is worn on the frontier for comfort, but it is useful on active service because it prevents sunstroke, can be used at night to ward off disease-bearing insects, and is handy as a sling in case of wounds.

The shirt is worn by all frontiersmen and all athletes because for an equal weight it is cooler than a coat in hot weather, warmer than a coat in cold weather, besides giving freedom to the lungs and arms.

The colours—khaki or navy blue—are, perhaps, too loud and sensational in English streets, but they are rather hard to hit on active service, and we wish to *live* for our country.

For the rest, the uniform is only the civilian riding dress of the particular country where we serve.

On the whole a cricket or football kit is visible to a marksman at, say, ten times the distance.

"GALLANT DEEDS."

It needs moral courage to face ridicule in the service of one's country, but at least we have not been stoned in the streets like the early Volunteers.

At first some of us, rather than face the traffic in uniform would seek the disguise of an overcoat and a cab. And yet for the honour of our Corps it had to be faced, and it is comforting to find how many soldiers prefer our kit to that of any European army.

With each year the uniform is seen more frequently in camp and march, in tactical exercises and manœuvres, in parade and tournament—but it has not yet appeared in a police court.

Only in one instance our men made a blunder—helping in an undignified charity show at Coventry.

We paid very dearly with the loss of several hundred men for that one mistake, made by an officer who was promptly released from his position.

WHERE WE'VE SMELT POWDER.

Casting back in memory, over the records of some 3,500 admitted to membership, the campaigns of our men range down from the Indian Mutiny.

Many of our best veterans fought in armies and navies such as those of the New World which grant no decorations.

Others of us have played a lone hand, representing our country among savage and barbarian tribes, in affairs which were not reported.

We have in our ranks retired officers with fine records of foreign service but never the chance of a campaign.

A large number served also in Mounted Police Corps, whose peace work is more dangerous than campaigning.

On the whole we do not value our men by the number of their medals; indeed we prefer to give precedence to the engineer, who has built railways in the tropics, the administrator who has tamed a province, the explorer who has opened up a new district, the prospector from far back who has seen no white man's face in a term of years.

Such men have no decorations—although one of them walked for a school vacation the length of Africa, and another on a hunting trip rode 6,000 miles along the Andes.

Such are the men ridiculed for wearing our uniform, and there is scarcely a man in our ranks who has not won his spurs by genuine frontier service.

ROGER POCOCK,
Founder, L.F.

PLAYING AT LIFE.

"Play the game," is a pretty sound maxim, but it is too often interpreted literally as a guide to life.

The bald truth is that the majority of us play at life instead of living it.

Let us take an unromantic case as our first example. The average young man in business limits his outlook upon life to the work of each day. He does not see life as an entity, but grapples with each minute portion as it presents itself.

His daily labour is his daily evil. The sooner it can be banished the better. Very few young men work with a definite goal in view, but it is these very few who find themselves enjoying work and consequently the game of life.

To take an illustration from the football field, the majority of us are like children playing with a football but without any knowledge whatsoever of the rules of the game. We kick the ball about, and presently we find ourselves tired and throw the thing up. The player who knows the game does not tire till it is lost or won, and his interest is sustained throughout.

Talking of games, the same trouble may be said to apply to most of our sports. We do not play games as a nation; we play at them. Few of us play football, but most of us watch other people doing it. Few of us can ride a horse, but nearly all of us have at one time or another paid money to witness a horse-race.

It gets pretty dull after a bit watching other people amuse themselves. It costs a good deal and profits us nothing.

The Little Blue God.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

This is the story of a Man who made a Piece of Bad Luck. Of course, I do not expect you to believe the tale, as it is not of an ancient Egyptian priest long since mummified, nor of an unwashed Indian fakir.

The Little Blue God, in fact, was introduced into the village of Pankton by the commonplace, but far from bucolic, Charles Thaxter—a master maker of bricks!

From the villagers' point of view, to know Charles Thaxter was not to love him. He was offensively honest, wore a collar and tie, had never attempted to elope with the Pankton Hall servants, and poached nothing but eggs. This sort of character could not, by any chance, be popular in a village set in the heart of the best game preserves in Norfolk, whose inhabitants' hearts were light when their big coat pockets were heavy with ill-gotten game.

Charles Thaxter was a tall, well made man, well on the right side of forty. His dark features were not ill favoured, but the plump, red cheeked maids of the village ogled him in vain. He lived absolutely alone in a dilapidated cottage by the Brickworks, and had a reputation for uncanny things, which he did not deserve.

For some unaccountable reason, matters had not gone well in Pankton since the advent of the dark eyed man. He had casually (and accurately) prophesied several lean harvests, and it was said that after he had inspected little Farmer Merritt's cart horses two of them had mysteriously died.

Therefore, when he paid his nightly visits to the comfortable brickfloored bar of "The Sun," few cared to associate with him, and, in the end, the surprising rumours reached his ears.

With feelings more of pity than anger for their ignorant imagination, he publicly taxed them all with it one evening as they sat drinking copious draughts of mild ale, in solemn silence.

"Pooh! I never saw such a set of superstitious old women in my life!" he exclaimed at the end of an impassioned harangue on the subject. "Any fool could ha' jumped at the harvests bein' bad—with the weather such as it was. An' then if Farmer Merritt had properly looked after his horses they wouldn't ha' died!"

So the simple-minded men whose scanty brains were easily influenced for or against anything and anybody, drank a couple of rounds at his expense and swore eternal friendship for him. The landlord, who was a town-bred man, looked on, amused.

Thaxter fumbled in his pocket and produced a little blue image which he held up for inspection.

"My father," he said, "was a sailor, and he brought this from a country where the black men live—far over the sea. Now, you know how things have prospered with me. I've made enough to buy up the Works, and I'm not without a pound to lend you men—should you want it."

Several of the listeners in desperate financial straits over ever increasing families, made a big mental note of this remark.

"Yet," Thaxter went on, offering the calm-faced figure for closer view, "my father called this the God of Bad Luck—and ruin to the man that held it. I've had it since the day he died, and, well, it's brought no bad luck to me—more like the other way round. I should call it the God of Good Luck.

"But there—I'm not superstitious—that's cackle for the old women—and, to show you I mean what I say, I'll throw it into the fire——"

"No, no! Don't ye!" exclaimed the ferret-eyed little Tom Pell, huntsman to the Pankton Hounds. "Maybe, it'll bring *me* a little luck—an' the ow'd fox has dodged us every time lately. Boys, this 'ere's a mascot!"

The "boys," with the exception of the extremely horsey groom of Pankton Hall (who also held the office of whipper-in), were no wiser.

"Give me a penny for it—for the sake of the silly Luck you believe in—an' it's yours, Tom!" said Charles Thaxter finally.

"I ain't got a penny," the niggardly Thomas replied, pocketing the mascot. "This ain't a knife, so it can't cut friendship. Whirro! for a good run and a kill to-morrow!"

* * * * * * *

That night, over his lonely supper, the wily Charles Thaxter smiled largely to himself. He had carved the image out of soft stone with his own deft hands, and painted it a washed-out blue. He had modelled it strictly on the lines of a drawing of an oriental Buddha, which he had discovered in a bulky encyclopædia.

II.

Fortune had not favoured the subscribers to the Pankton Foxhounds with many exhilarating runs of late.

The Master, a heavy but enthusiastic man, who secretly quavered at the first few fences and then wildly went for the biggest when hounds were on the move, had had occasion for the use of much bad language. Sport had been most disappointing generally, and he had criticised in no uncertain tones the bungling methods of Thomas Pell and sprinkled a few cutting remarks over the quality and worth of the hounds in his charge.

Wherefore, Thomas Pell, in his turn, cursed the whipper-in and looked forward gloomily to the day when bagged foxes would have to provide the sport. It seemed, in fact, that the family of Reynard had deserted the country hunted by the Pankton F.H.

Imagine Thomas Pell's joy, then, when hounds found at the first cover drawn on a keen January morning. It was an ideal scenting day, and they went away hot-foot on the "old customer's" trail.

If they killed, Thomas knew that it meant a substantial honorarium. Luck, he knew, in the form of the Little Blue God (with the maligned reputation), was literally with him—in his pocket!

The fat Master had "balked" the first fences (which always look the biggest), but his perspiring, rubicund face showed that he was warming to the work, and he gallantly "flew" a tricky double without mishap.

Further out was Thomas holloa-ing on the hounds ahead. He was mounted on one of the Master's best horses, an animal which was erroneously supposed to be suffering from some trivial defect—entirely the invention of Mr. Pell!

"Tom!" yelled the Master enthusiastically, as together they lead the field, "this is a guinea and a bottle of port for you, m'lad!"

Gad! But Reynard was taking them into a stiff country!

A series of unearthly yells from the whipper-in announced a "view." The field was streaming down-country into the dip of the Vale and the hounds were a field ahead, baying joyously.

Now the fox could be plainly seen and the aptly named Ranter was nearing him alone. A sharp turn across country and the "old customer," making a dash for sheltering earth, was almost beaten. Tom mentally worshipped the Little Blue God. It was the run of the season!

What a topping fence was that last to jump! Tom would have cared not for the stiffest fence in all the Midlands! He made a determined dash for it. His horse pecked badly. They parted company—gracelessly—on the other side.

"Curse it," exclaimed Tom, "but this is the essence of Bad Luck!"

He had been thrown heavily on his right shoulder, but he instinctively felt in his left pocket for the Little Blue God, and cast it as far away as he could, with many oaths.

Then an excruciating pain seized him. His collar-bone was badly broken. They bore him to the high road and propped him up to await a conveyance home.

The hounds killed as the gallant but beaten Reynard had almost reached earth and safety.

The Master forgot to present the stricken huntsman with his small honorarium, but Tom had the doubtful satisfaction of drinking the port (sent per the whipper-in) in bed. He spoke not in praise of the Little Blue God of Luck!

III.

The sun was sinking, a red ball of fire in the cloudless, many-coloured west, when Charles Thaxter hopped lightly over a stile and struck out across the fields for the village of Pankton.

He had been to a neighbouring hamlet for some small purpose during the day, and several had kindly informed him of Tom Pell's mishap of the morning as he trudged along the high road.

He was now in the valley over which the hounds had been led such a merry dance that day. The ground beneath him was hardening in the frosty air and he strode along, his hands thrust in the big flap pockets of his overcoat for warmth.

So Tom Pell had broken his collar-bone! Of course, the villagers would say it was all through his ill-fated present of the Little Blue God. Fools, idiots, imbeciles! Now they would whisper to one another that he was indeed a man with the evil eye.

The reputation was not one which he coveted, or to which he was even entitled, but now it would be confirmed.

The footpath across the fields led him past the identical fence at which Tom had fallen.

Now Tom had thrown the image away with his left hand and consequently not very far. Pathetically looking out of the lower growth of the hedge, the calm features of the home-made Buddha soon met the careless gaze of its maker.

With a short laugh, Charles rescued it from its thorny situation and placed it in his pocket. He resumed his way ruminating deeply, now and then taking the image out of his pocket to regard the expressive calm of its features. It was a good piece of work and he could not help looking on it with the pride of an artist for his art—until the light failed and night had fallen.

He came up to the water mill over the crown of the rise. The January moon had risen now, cold and serene, her soft effulgence dancing in mad streaks on the rushing, swirling waters. If he kept by the side of the broad stream it would lead him into the heart of the village. By crossing the plank over it he could soon reach his solitary home and restore the image to the mantelshelf.

It was a good piece of work. . . . He stepped lightly on to the plank. This was a much-used affair and thin ice filled the worn parts. He slipped and fell backward.

His cries were drowned in the "swish-swish" of the wheel and the gurgle of the waters as they raced down stream.

* * * * * * *

They found him in the morning tightly clasping in his right hand the Little Blue God of Bad Luck!

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

AGE AND DEVELOPMENT.

At what age does physical culture cease to be of any use to a man? The question is often asked, but the answer is certainly "Never."

When a man has reached the age of forty, it is not likely to benefit him much so far as actual muscular development is concerned. The period at which physical culture of the more strenuous type can have most effect is between the ages of 18 and 25. After this time a man may continue to develop his physique, but it is uphill work, and the results are not so noticeable.

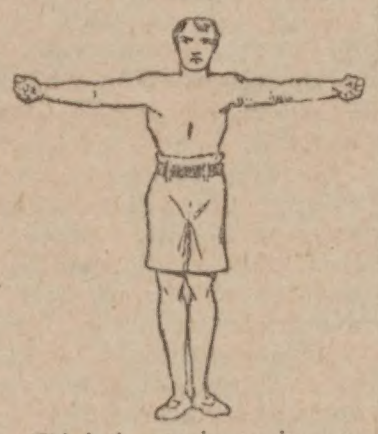
But, whatever his age, physical culture will still be of the greatest service to him; for though development may have ceased, those muscles which he has will need to be kept in condition, otherwise they are apt to turn to fat.

Exercise is at all times one of the most important factors in maintaining the health, and even in old age it cannot safely be disregarded.

FOR THE ARMS AND HANDS.

Stand erect, with hands by your sides.

Clench your fists as hard as you can. Now raise the arms *very slowly*, till they are level with the shoulders. Hold them in that position for a moment; then lower them just as slowly, and repeat ten times.



This is the exercise to give you a hearty grip when you shake hands.

During the whole of this exercise the fists must be gripping their utmost. If you find difficulty in keeping them so, take a folded sock in each hand and grip that as if you were trying to crush it. On no account must the elbows be allowed to bend.

There is not one muscle in the arms which this exercise does not affect, and it quickly gives you a grip of great power. Remember that to secure a strong grip you must do more than strengthen the muscles of the wrists and hands—you must also increase the power of your forearm. This exercise does all that for you, and fortifies the biceps as well.

SKIPPING.

I want my readers thoroughly to understand that the exercises which I give are not the whole sum and substance of physical culture.

By practising them you will increase the size of your muscles—that I guarantee—but you ought to combine them with other forms of exertion, of a lighter but more active type.

By doing so you will make your muscles not only big but also flexible and supple.

All sorts of games and sports have my warm approval, for they back up my system admirably, but it is not every man—unfortunately—who has time for games.

To such I would recommend most strongly the very pleasant and easily attainable substitute of skipping.

Laugh if you will. You may set it down as a hobby for little girls, but skipping is now part of the recognised training of every professional athlete in training.

An ordinary skipping rope, costing a shilling or so, is all you want. You will soon learn how to skip, and I recommend that it be adopted for five minutes each morning after you have gone through your other and heavier exercises.

Skipping is a splendid pipe-opener. It brings every corner of your lungs into play and slackens out the tightened muscles in a marvellous manner.

TO STRENGTHEN THE ANKLES.

Stand with the heels together, the toes out, and the hands on the waist.

Now bend the knees outwards as far as possible, and a little to the front, but the chief effort is to be made in a sideways direction. Assume, in short, the position in the sketch, and hold it while you count ten, bracing every muscle while you do so.

In doing this exercise don't bend down too far. Follow the instructions exactly.

Then resume the starting position, and repeat from five to ten times.

For the cyclist this is a capital exercise, for it rapidly develops the ankles, which are amongst our weakest joints. Its effect on the thighs and calves also is marvellous.

Walkers will do well to practise this systematically for it strengthens the muscles of the feet, making them much less susceptible to fatigue and doubling the pleasure of a walk.

MY ANATOMY.

Several readers have written requesting me to have a photograph of myself reproduced.

This is scarcely practicable, as the paper on which this is printed is too rough in surface to take what is called, I believe, a half-tone block, by which means alone could a photograph be rendered with justice.

While discussing with your Editor headings suitable for this page, the idea occurred to me that sketches should be made from photos of certain parts of my anatomy. These have duly appeared at the top of this page for the last two months.

I do not suppose my development approaches the ideal, but I have given these studies of my muscles in the belief that they will be interesting to many readers.

I have arranged for some full-sized life sketches to follow them on this page in succeeding numbers.

WAIST AND BREAST MUSCLES.

Stand at attention. Throw the arms out sideways in line with the shoulders, and tense every muscle in them.

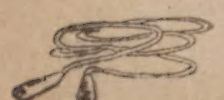
Now bend over to the right, tensing the breast and abdominal muscles as you do so. Resume your position, and repeat to the left.

For the development of muscle and figure at the same time.

Do this double exercise not more than five times at a stretch to begin with. You can increase the dose as you feel equal to it.

Throughout the exercise the arms must be kept straight out from the shoulders, and the muscles of them must not be allowed to relax.

The breast and abdominal muscles are ticklish to develop, but here you have a quick and easy way of bringing them into line with the rest of your physique. Moreover the tensing of the arm muscles develops them at the same time, thus killing two birds with one stone.



GLORIES OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

AN APPRECIATION.

Those who are on the lookout for hints as to how they can grow big muscles, had better stop reading this now. I don't call it an article; it is rather a rhapsody, and it won't tell you how to put on an ounce of muscle.

I am not writing for the man who goes in for physical culture, but for the man who doesn't.

It is he alone that I want to buttonhole. Let me speak in his private ear.

Once—it seems now years and years ago—I had no muscle to speak of, and I looked on men who devoted their spare time to the growing of muscle as rather contemptible fools.

Mind, I held, was everything.

How far wrong I was I know, and so do you, if you have muscle.

Then my life was nothing much. I did my daily job, got to bed, and did my job again next day.

There wasn't any enthusiasm about living—I doubt very much if I was really alive. I just rubbed along.

Then one day a chum of mine told me he was going in for physical culture.

I said what I thought of him, because he was a nice sort of chap and I expected better things of him. I offered him a very exciting and sensational novel which I had just finished reading, and I told him he would find it far more interesting than doing silly exercises.

He took the novel, but he didn't read it. He kept at his physical culture business instead.

He had been going at it strong for about a fortnight, without letting on any more to me about it, when one day I marked a distinct change in him.

I had been noticing it in a half-indistinct way for some time, but now it was not to be denied that he was looking different.

He used to be a pale chap like I was, and his eyes were rather dull. The girls didn't think much of him—neither did they of me.

Now he was livelier in manner. He stood and walked more like a soldier. His eyes were brighter; in fact they had a bit of fire in them.

But the most noticeable change was in his manner.

In the old days he had been cynical—something again like me. Now he was more hearty. He seemed to like everybody instead of picking faults in them. He was more open-handed—a better chap all-round.

I hadn't liked men of that kind before, because I wasn't of that type myself; but I did like this particular chum, and, when I saw it in him, I began to think that a free-and-easy, vigorous, full-blooded sort of man was a bit better than the other kind.

I thought it well over, and resolved that it really was so.

Then I took up physical culture myself—very reluctantly. But I began to like it. The exercises seemed to make me tired and yet fresh. I felt fine in the mornings and ready for the day's work.

I kept at it, and I have not turned back. I became what I had not been—a man.

I have made a confession in full, because I want to grip the attention of those who are as I used to be—undeveloped and flabby.

The man with soft muscles takes a soft view of life.

Usually he is timid, and that doesn't improve his happiness. He is never liked much by his fellow men, and the girls don't care a hang for him.

Besides all that, he has a finer feeling in himself. You can't define health, but he knows what it is. He feels strong and manly, and his mind takes on a manly cast as well.

In every way he is a better man, and his joy in life is increased tenfold.

He gets to know what living means.

It is a simple sermon, but I commend it to all who may be as I was before I took up physical culture.

CHARLES BRAMLEY.

CADS.

RICH AND POOR.

At one time the term "cad" indicated a certain calling or position in life. Omnibus drivers and conductors were "cads," and generally speaking the word was applied to any person of humble birth or lowly occupation, and not in any particularly opprobrious sense.

To-day we no longer call a man a cad because he follows a certain calling, or has been born in a humble position in the social scale. We use the epithet to indicate and stigmatise a man of mean, low, and vulgar nature, irrespective of his position in life, and, curiously enough, whereas formerly the poor had a monopoly of the title—such as it is—nowadays "cad" is almost exclusively associated with the well-to-do.

Anyway, "cad" to the modern man conjures up a picture of a successful upstart, a man of coarse nature who one way or another has found his way into decent society, a boor and a blackguard in gentleman's clothing.

Thanks to our squalid worship of money, there are many cads in high places to-day, and you find them in professions which at one time were at least supposed to be recruited exclusively from gentlemen. The Army, more particularly the cavalry branch thereof, is not free from cads, sons of successful tradesmen, where money enables them to get into and stay in "crack" regiments in which money is the first essential.

Not that the son of a successful tradesman is necessarily a cad. Far from it, and I remember an army incident in which it was certainly not the tradesman's son who showed himself the "cad."

The son of a famous pastrycook joined a very "crack" cavalry regiment, and the first night at mess another officer, a well-born man, waited until there was a lull in the conversation and then drawled offensively to the newcomer: "Haw, ——, haw, is it—haw—true that your father—haw—makes cakes?"

"Yes," answered the pastrycook's son, "and devilish good cakes too."

The reader need not be told which was the "cad" here, and, as a matter of fact, the pastrycook's son became one of the most popular men in his regiment, and the Service.

But are all modern cads rich? I think not. I think you will find men of mean, low, and vulgar nature among the poor as well as among the wealthy.

It is not a matter of common clothes or uneducated speech, but of innate and ineradicable "caddishness."

I remember when I was at a Scottish university, where as you may know students are very "mixed" in social status, we had in our class the son of a wealthy landowner, the rest of us not being able to boast of any such distinguished parentage.

The rich man's son was a gentleman, a real good sort, more than willing to be friendly, and without an atom of "side," but a section of the class made a "dead set" against him. They scorned his overtures, mimicked his manners and speech, and did all they could to ridicule him, and make his position unpleasant.

They were cads. They knew in their hearts he was their superior, but they had not the manliness to admit it.

That attitude is very typical of the poor cad. He is meanly envious of his social betters, and he loses no chance of hitting them "below the belt" if he can.

It is caddish of a well-born man to sneer at a low-born one, but the converse is equally true.

A familiar type is the "Jack's-as-good-as-his-master" sort of fellow, who really thinks he is a good deal better.

Then we have the "Jack-in-office" type of poor cad. The little man, dressed in a little brief authority which he uses meanly.

He may be a gauger, a shop-walker, a small employer. It is not a question of his occupation, but of his nature. He is a lickspittle to those above him, a bully to those below him. He is a poor cad.

A. R. CHANDLER.

SPORTING STORIES.

TOO BAD.

Sparkman was returning from the races, where he had won heavily.

He paused at a street corner to buy an evening paper, for he meant to cut out the report and keep it as a memento. So generous was he feeling that he paid the boy a sixpence and refused to take the change.

He had not gone many yards when he felt a grimy little hand upon his arm.

"You've made a mistake, sir," said the vendor of news. "You give me half-a-sovereign."

"Well, my boy," Sparkman replied, "you can keep it. Honesty is a beautiful thing, especially when allied with poverty."

"Oh, I couldn't take it, sir," said the boy. "It wouldn't seem right. Take it back, sir, do."

So Sparkman took it back, and handed two half-crowns to the child.

"I'll buy some cigars with that half-sov.," said Sparkman to himself.

"This is a wrong 'un," said the tobacconist, as he bit it in two.

And the little boy went home for another of the half-sovs. that father made in his spare time.

HEAVE HO!

They were crossing to Ireland on their honeymoon trip, and the sea was not as smooth as the posters represent it to be. The lady, to put it politely, was feeling ill.

"Edward," she said, "put your arm around me."

And when he had complied she added: "Do you love me as warmly as ever?"

"More warmly than I have ever loved you," he replied, though his face was greenish white and his eyes did not shine with much enthusiasm.

"Would you be willing to do anything on earth for me?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I would die a thousand deaths at your bidding."

"Oh, Edward," she sighed, "I thought that would make me feel better. But it doesn't."

HER COMPLAINT.

The old lady summoned the four wheeler by holding up her umbrella and frightening the horse. She was very well in point, so much so that the cabman had to push his hardest to get her through the door, and the usual rude boy suggested that one of the shafts should be detached and used as a lever for the purpose.

The journey was a mile, so at the end of it the cabman dismounted to demand half-a-crown, his legal fare being a shilling.

The old lady was leaning against the top of the door, the sweat dripping from her face, and so much out of breath that she could not speak. The cabman urged her to come forth, for she did not seem the type of person who would pay for waits, and he even volunteered the advice that she should try a special brand of fat reducer which he had great faith in, as it had killed his mother-in-law.

"Fat reducer be blowed!" said the lady, when at last her voice returned. "The moment you started, the bottom fell out of the cab, and I've had to run all the way. You'd be out of breath, young man, if you'd gone through what I have."

DOG MANAGEMENT.

KEEPING YOUR FOUR-LEGGED CHUM IN HEALTH.

The first thing is the right housing of the dog. Get an old paraffin barrel, and knock out a piece from one end big enough to let the dog get in. Lay the barrel on its side and prop it up with bricks, so that it rests just off the ground to avoid all risk of damp. Over the entrance tack a piece of linoleum, so that it hangs down, and may be pushed inwards or outwards as the dog enters or leaves the kennel. This will keep out draughts, and will not fit so closely as to prevent ventilation.

Bed him with straw, sawdust or moss litter, and change the bedding once a week. The great advantage of the paraffin barrel is that fleas and other parasites will never live in it. You will of course have seen that it is thoroughly dry, and has been exposed to the air some little time before you make it a kennel, for you do not want your dog to smell like a badly trimmed lamp.

The question of sleeping outside must be settled according to your individual requirements. A dog that sleeps in the back garden keeps burglars from entering the house on that side, but he does not prevent them from coming in at the front. If you dread housebreakers, therefore, keep your dog inside.

This is the only reason why a dog should sleep indoors, and if the consideration does not weigh with you, give him a kennel in the garden; it will be more healthy for him, and, if he is properly bedded, the most delicately nurtured dog will not take cold.

The dog that is to be in the house must be bathed at least once a week. Do not use soda in the water, as it makes the hair dry and brittle. Lather him well with good soap, carbolic by preference, and make him lie down in the tub, while you get every trace out of his hair. Wash his head last, as he will want to shake immediately his face is wet. Dry his ears thoroughly to prevent canker.

Give your dog one good square meal in the evening, and just a little in the morning. Never on any account let him have a dish of food standing about, where he can go whenever he feels hungry. If you do this he will soon lose his appetite and his health. Dog biscuits, by the way, are not essential, and many dogs care little for them. Bread that is not too new comes considerably cheaper, and, if gravy or soup is poured over it, makes an appetising dish from the canine point of view. Never give your dog small bones, such as those of fish or fowls, as they are liable to pierce his stomach.

Worms exist in almost every dog, but generally not in sufficient numbers to interfere with its health. Sometimes the alimentary canal is completely filled with worms, and the dog then becomes thin and generally eats dirt. Whether a dog appears in perfect health or not, it should be given a course of warm powders at least once in four months. They cannot do it any harm, and are almost certain to be required.

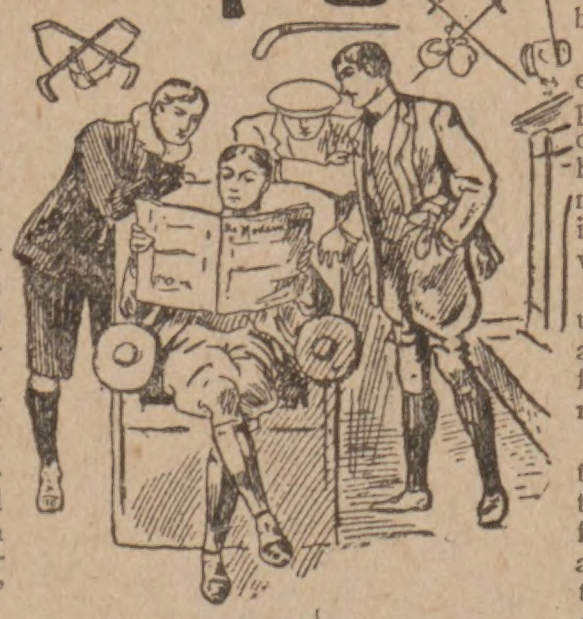
In the giving of medicine you should resort to strategy. Do not force it over the dog's throat, but wrap the pill or the powder in a thin slice of meat or in a fish skin. In the case of liquid medicines, mix them with gravy and offer them to the dog just before his usual heavy meal. Being then hungry he will generally swallow them without fuss.

Never try to pour liquid down a dog's throat. Hold his mouth shut, pull out his lower lip at the side, and pour it in from a spoon.

Skin disease is one of the commonest dog ailments. Generally it is some sort of eczema, and is usually due to over-feeding. Alter and reduce the diet, and if this does not cure him, take him to a vet. The amateur may spend much money on medicine, and waste many hours trying to effect a cure of mange or the more troublesome forms of skin disease, but in the end they will defy him. The vet., on the other hand, will generally effect a cure in a week's time.

G. S. PARDY.

Our Readers' Page.



THE GIVING OF THANKS.

Have you ever noticed what a world of impoliteness can be put into the politest of words?

On the other hand, some people can say "thank you" for the most insignificant action so that there is a benediction in the phrase.

It is largely a matter of tone, but not entirely. There is all the difference between a frigid "No, thank you," and a cheery "No, thanks," or between "I thank you" and a hearty "Thank 'ee."

The man who says "A thousand thanks"—if he is an Englishman and not a Frenchman—is just a trifle too effusive, while he who says "How sweet of you!" ought to have been a woman.

The man who vows he is eternally indebted to you, or that he "can never repay you," is a nuisance, and merely makes you feel embarrassed. And beware if he uses the latter phrase when he has just borrowed money from you!

CLEAN HANDS.

How long will it be before people begin to realise that cleanliness, besides being next to godliness, and therefore a thing to be aimed at in itself, is also a duty to society?

Perhaps the worst offenders of all are those whose occupation brings them into contact with hundreds of people every day—the 'bus-conductor, the waiter, the shop-assistant, and so on.

The first is no doubt at a disadvantage, for the handling of coppers is not a very cleanly job, but he should at least start fair. For the others there is rarely any excuse.

One often sees a man's hands, which are otherwise clean, disfigured by a brown nicotine stain on the two first fingers. This is in reality no more excusable than if his hands were ordinarily dirty. Soap and water and a nailbrush will seldom fail to remove the blemish, or, if he smokes so many Virginian cigarettes (for it is these that do the mischief) that it will not, it is his duty to smoke them in a cigarette holder.

Dirty nails are another very common, but even more loathsome offence. The busy man excuses himself by saying that he has not time to use a nail-brush. That is nonsense—either affectation or laziness. If you first take a good dig at the soap and fill your nails with it it takes less than no time to brush it and the dirt out together.

"Dirt," said Dr. Johnson, "is matter in the wrong place," and the finger-nails were certainly never meant as receptacles for matter.

HOW TO TIE A BOOTLACE.

There are few things more annoying than to find your bootlace coming undone in a crowded thoroughfare, or when you are in a hurry—and those as the moments it always chooses to do so.

The usual way to prevent this occurring is to tie an ordinary single bow, and then to knot the two loops together. But the disadvantage of this method is the difficulty of untying it, which always takes time.

A far better way is to start as though you were going to tie a single bow, but, before drawing the knot tight, to pass one of the loops through the centre of it again.

This is quite as secure as the ordinary double knot, but you can untie it like a single one by merely pulling one of the ends of the lace.

This tip is especially useful in dealing with shoe-laces, where the ordinary double bow looks most unsightly.

DEFENCE.

We read a lot in periodicals dealing with athletics about different methods of getting the better of a hooligan.

Boxing and jujitsu are excellent, but very few persons are aware that an ordinary walking stick, in the hands of a man who knows merely the rudiments of fencing, is a most formidable weapon.

If one uses one's stick or umbrella exactly as one would a foil, the abdomen, throat or face being the target, the result is obvious.

Your sole aim should be to get your point home first, a thing easy enough to the fencer; and it only requires a little practice for the novice to time his attack to a nicety.

Don't waste time trying to strike a blow; the point is much quicker and more effective. If your point fails to reach the mark, which should seldom occur if you really mean business, the best way to parry an attack from an opponent, if he also uses a stick, is to grasp your stick at both ends.

Unlike a sword, a stick has no hilt to protect the hand, so that you run more risk of getting your hands knocked about.

If you are unfortunate enough to be attacked when you have left your stick at home, even the safeguard of being a champion runner is not to be despised.

DISCOURTESY AT THE TELEPHONE.

The operators at the London telephone exchanges have recently been given some lessons in politeness by the Postmaster General.

Whether it is really necessary for them to say "please," when they ask what number you require, is a point on which there may be some difference of opinion. But the discourtesy which one so often experiences at the telephone is not usually a matter of mere forms of speech. And, moreover, the discourtesy is seldom on the part of the operator.

It is the man who tells the office-boy to "get on to such-and-such a number" and then forgets about it and goes out to lunch, or keeps one waiting while he continues a conversation, that causes one to shudder when the telephone bell rings.

The person who rings you up "just to see how you are getting along, old chap," is entirely beyond the pale.

He invariably contrives to do it just at your busiest time, and it is not easy to be rude to a man who cannot see you, without making him your enemy for life.

Then again there is the brute who does not take the trouble to look up the number he wants, but thinks he remembers it. You fly to the telephone, and after half a minute's excited and incoherent conversation, you hear, "Sorry, I've got the wrong number," and he rings off.

Some idiot has just rung up and blackguarded me about a coat he ordered a week ago. Why should a hard-worked business man be at the mercy of these thoughtless individuals?

A GUINEA IS WORTH HAVING.

And it will be yours if your paragraph is the best sent in during any one week. Send us something fresh—something that you would tell your pal, and that he would listen to with interest. That's the sort of thing we want. Just work it into a paragraph and send it along. It doesn't mean much trouble to you, and we shall welcome it; possibly it may mean a guinea to you, if so no one will be better pleased than ourselves.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Sergeant-Instructor F. Smith, Army Gymnastic Staff, Cavalry School, Netheravon, Wiltshire, for "Defence."

A SPORTING WATCH-GUARD.

For those who cannot afford to sport a gold or silver watch-chain, or who are anxious not to put temptation in the way of the light-fingered gentry, the best substitute is undoubtedly leather.

The humble bootlace has its possibilities, but it never looks really smart. Almost every "fancy shop" sells leather watch-guards made for the purpose, but these are often very badly made and shoddy, as the products of such shops not infrequently are.

A splendid substitute, however, is to be found at any saddler's in the shape of the lip-strap of an ordinary bridle. It is just the right length and has at one end a sliding loop and at the other a buckle fastening, so that you can fix one end to your buttonhole and one to your watch-ring in place of a swivel. The middle part is sewn up so as to be tubular, and looks much better than an ordinary flat strap.

In short, here you have a watch-guard which is at once strong and smart, and which adds a pleasant but unobtrusive sporting touch to the attire.

ASKING THE HOURS.

I was once out of work for a few months. In the end I got a job, and I should have had one very much sooner but for a mistake I kept on making.

My letters of application for a post were always well-written and concise and in most cases I succeeded in getting an interview with the advertiser. At that time I had very strong ideas as to what I considered my rights, and when my prospective employer had asked all the questions he meant to, I would inquire:

"And what, sir, will the hours be?"

It seemed a very innocent question, but it was that which kept me from getting several lucrative jobs. I never suspected the fact till one of the men I was interviewing told me.

"Young man," he said, "I won't take you on. You've spoiled yourself with me, but I'll tell you how. It may help you. You ask the hours. Now, I never make my clerks work longer than other people's clerks, but when a man asks the hours I know that he is a six o'clock man. He will stop at the stroke of the clock, or, if he has to continue, he will grumble. Such a man is no use to me."

Never again did I ask the hours, and shortly afterwards I got my present billet. I advise anyone seeking a berth to profit by my experience. If he finds the hours are too long he can seek another job.

PUTTING ON GLOVES.

The weakest part of a glove is at the edge of the palm where the opening comes. If you look at your gloves you will probably find that the stitching here has given way.

This is not due to wear, for there is no friction or strain at that part when the gloves are on the hands; the stitching has been split by putting on the gloves in the wrong manner.

The only right way to put on a new pair of gloves is to put in all the fingers and work them right home before you insert the thumb at all. If you do this your gloves will not split.

This applies chiefly when the gloves are new and a little stiff, but, if they are on the small side, you will be wise to continue the precaution.

On the other hand, with gloves that are fairly large and comfortable, as a man's gloves always should be, you can pull them on without bother.

Particularly in the case of evening gloves should you observe the above hint, for they are not as a rule made of very good stuff, and if a big piece of red palm shows through the white kid you will not feel that you are looking your best—and neither will your fair partner.

So many men get their gloves half-a-size too small, saying "When they are stretched they will be just right." But, unless they take the trouble of doctoring them with a glove stretcher before putting them on, it will need very careful manipulation to avoid disaster.

Better get them the right size to start with.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Herrick's Orchid

By LAWRENCE S. NORTH.

They were just as different as two men could be.

Leslie Herrick was well set up, and almost gigantic of stature. Moreover the tropical sun had tanned his face to a rich brown.

His companion was a little, bent man, something past middle life, with a skin of the colour and texture of parchment, and eyes that sought any focus but the face of the person to whom he was speaking.

"It's a very nice root, Mr. Herrick," he was saying, "but I've no proof that it is a specimen of an entirely new genus."

"But I assure you," the other replied, "that the orchid is in every way unique. "I saw it blossoming in Brazil, and though I know every type that is known to science, I am safe to say that I have never seen anything like it."

"I have no reason to doubt your assertion," the elder man replied, "but you will admit that I have only your word for it."

"Very well," said Herrick. "I shall take it to the Duke of Cheshire. He has dealt with me before, and I shall be much surprised if he refuses to do so in this instance."

"But I don't want you to go to him," said the elder man in some alarm. "I'll give you £100 for the orchid, and take my chance of its turning out well. Is it a bargain?"

"As I said in the first instance, my price is £2,000, and not a penny less. I told you that when I wrote on my arrival in England."

Herrick moved towards the door.

"Stop!" cried the other. "Give me a day to consider it. Come here at the same time to-morrow night, and promise not to give Cheshire an opportunity of buying before that time."

William Cave passed the next twenty-four hours in an agony of doubt as to what his action in this matter should be.

His hobby was orchids. In fact they afforded him the only joy that ever came into his barren life.

During the day he was a stockbroker in London, and he was noted for being the very embodiment of shrewdness—in fact there were some who hinted that he was the very best exponent of that kind of sharp practice which just manages to keep within the letter of the law.

Be that as it may, when the time came for him to return to his mansion in the suburbs, he cast business cares aside, and became at once the devotee. He worshipped his hot-houses, and the plants they contained, with the enthusiasm of a heathen for his idol.

The fact that he had recently had serious reverses in business, served perhaps to bind him all the closer to the objects of his affection. He feared that the time might come when he would have to sell them, and he was determined to enjoy them to the full as long as he might.

When he heard of Herrick's arrival in London, he wrote to him immediately, and the visit of the famous orchid-hunter was the result. The fact that at the present moment it was a financial impossibility for him to pay £2,000, did not in any way deter him from his project of acquiring this wonderful new plant. He knew every trick in the art of buying low, and he had felt certain that he would succeed in cheating the orchid-hunter into selling his treasure for much less than its value.

But Herrick had shown him that such a scheme could not bear fruit, and now Cave had turned all his mental powers to finding some other means of securing the tiny brown bulb upon which he had set his heart.

On the day following their interview he stayed at home, and by the time evening arrived he had come to a decision.

Cave waited patiently. Doubt and hesitation had left him, for the course he was to follow was now clear. The orchid he would have, at whatever cost.

When, later in the evening, Herrick was shown into the library, Cave rose to receive him with cordiality, and a smile of welcome.

"I have come to a decision," he said. "I'm going to have that orchid, Mr. Herrick."

"Then you are prepared to pay my price?"

"Yes. I've just been to the bank to get the money. I thought you might prefer notes to a cheque."

He crossed the room to a cabinet which stood beside the window, and produced an old pocket-book, from which he drew a bunch of crisp bank-notes, which he had managed to borrow for the occasion. To-morrow, he told himself, they would be returned to the lender.

He handed them to his companion, and watched him count them out.

"Quite correct," said Herrick, placing the notes in the pocket of his overcoat, and handing the orchid bulb to Cave. "I admit it is a stiffish price, but you will have the satisfaction of possessing an absolutely unique specimen."

"I do not grudge the price," said Cave, "though, as a matter of business, I did not think it wise to pay so much, if I could possibly have avoided doing so. But you were firm, and I had to pay. So be it. Now let us drink to the successful blossoming of what, I hope, will be the famous Cave orchid."

He poured out a stiff whisky for Herrick, and a small glass of port for himself.

"I must restrict myself in the matter of liquor, Mr. Herrick," he said. "Doctor's orders, you know."

For a few minutes they chatted about the habitat of the orchid. Then Herrick's head sank down upon his breast, and he became unconscious.

Instantly Cave sprang to his feet.

"I thought that would answer my purpose," he muttered. "Now to finish."

He placed his ear against the panel of the door and listened.

Ah! Some of the servants were still moving about. He must wait.

As the clock on the mantelpiece struck midnight he rose silently from his chair, and crossed stealthily to where his companion was sleeping.

"Sleep on," he whispered. "I will see to it that you do not wake again!"

He took a knife from the cabinet and sheathed it in the breast of his victim.

The sleeper did not even groan. The drug had done its work.

Cave once more crossed over to the cabinet beside the window, and returned with a large towel, which he placed upon the breast of his victim. There must be no blood-stains upon the carpet. What pleasure would he have from the orchid if he were condemned to the gallows?

He kept his hand upon Herrick's pulse, and watched his cheeks grow whiter and whiter.

Presently the beating of his heart ceased altogether, and with a sigh of satisfaction Cave released his hold.

Leslie Herrick was dead!

Without feeling the slightest repugnance, Cave removed the notes from the dead man's pocket, and locked them once more in the cabinet.

Then he paused to listen again. The most risky part of the scheme had yet to be carried out. The body must be disposed of.

He braced his nerves with a glass of brandy—in his excitement he narrowly escaped helping himself from the decanter, from which he had poured the fatal draught earlier that night.

Here was a danger which he must remove. If he should poison himself, how could he watch the blossoming of the orchid?

He poured some of the poisoned whisky upon the fire, for that was, he considered, the best way of disposing of it. The spirit blazed up, and set alight some drapery with which his housekeeper had decorated the mantelpiece.

Cave snatched the dripping towel from his victim's breast, and tried to smother the flames. If the fire got the mastery, an alarm would be raised, and he would be caught red handed.

With aching hands and scorched wrists he beat desperately at the flames, and at length succeeded in overcoming them.

When he saw that this new danger was past, Cave sank exhausted upon a chair. The excitement and exertion told heavily upon him. But there could be no rest till his work was finished.

Raising himself with an effort, he turned out the gas and opened the long glass door that led to the garden.

He seized the body of the orchid-hunter by the shoulders, and dragged it out into the night air.

The moon was hidden behind some clouds, and Cave put forth his utmost strength, in order that his task might be accomplished before the moonlight returned to betray him.

A hundred yards from the house lay the conservatories, and here at length Cave arrived with his burden.

Drawing a key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and pulled the dead man inside.

He had been just in time, for even as he pulled the body inside and turned the key, the moonlight burst forth once more in all its glory. But that did not matter now. He was screened by the misty glass walls of the orchid-house, and now the light would even be of assistance to him. It would enable him the quicker to complete the task which he had set himself.

With an energy that seemed wholly incompatible with his years, Cave set about digging a grave for his victim. The spot he chose was the border in the centre of the orchid-house, for he had seen to it that this particular place had been dug up that very afternoon, and there would not, therefore, be any evidence that the ground had been disturbed.

The mould was soft, and he tore at it with his fingers till they ached.

Only then did he search for the spade which his gardener had used in trenching the border earlier in the day, and with it he hacked at the earth till he had made a hole sufficiently large for his purpose. Then he thrust in the body and covered it up.

His task was now complete, and he returned to the house as stealthily as he had come.

Strange as it may seem, as soon as his head touched the pillow he fell into the deepest sleep, for he was absolutely exhausted by his unaccustomed exertions.

In the morning he was awakened by a hubbub amongst the servants. The cause of this he soon discovered. The housemaid had gone to clean the library, and had observed the charred remains of the mantel-border.

He explained this by saying that he had set it on fire accidentally, which indeed was the truth; the fact that there was blood upon some parts of the cloth was the result, he said, of a cut which he sustained in the process of extinguishing the fire.

Fortunately the servants did not dream of doubting these assertions, but to Cave's guilty mind it seemed that he had had a very narrow escape from discovery.

After breakfast he went to the orchid-house, and found the gardener on the point of renewing operations upon the centre border.

"For heaven's sake stop!" he shouted. "That border must not be touched."

"But you told me yesterday, sir, to dig it over

twice," said the servant with an aggrieved air.

"Ah, yes," said Cave, recovering his self-possession. "That was yesterday. I've changed my mind now. I'm going to use that border for a new orchid I've just secured."

"Plant an orchid in a border, sir?" exclaimed the man. "Would it not be better to fix it on bark and string it up like the rest?"

"This is no common orchid, John," said his master. "I was told by the finder of it that it grew best on the ground, and not on trees, like most of its kind. Now I want you to understand that you are not on any account to disturb this border. It is to be devoted entirely to the new orchid."

With that he pressed the tiny bulb into the ground, just above the lifeless body of the man he had robbed and murdered.

The days passed and the orchid began to show signs of life. Then the shoots came forth, and he saw that his possession was indeed unique.

In about a month the plant had forced its way up, till the upper tips brushed against the roof of the conservatory. In its size, as in many other respects, it was wholly different from any known variety.

He used to take a chair to the orchid-house, and sit for hours on end watching the strange plant. The place was warm and damp, but these things were no discomfort to him. Here was something that no other collector possessed, and it was his—his, and it had cost him nothing!

Then his thoughts would wander back to the man whose body was nourishing the huge plant. Herrick had died by his hand, but the thought did not trouble him. Herrick had stood between him and the possession of this wonderful thing, which was, to his mind, a sufficient excuse for having removed him.

Day by day the orchid grew, and at last the time arrived when the blossoms were on the point of bursting forth. Cave waited with what patience he could command. His joy was keener than anything he had yet experienced, and it would, he assured himself, be still further enhanced.

One morning he went down to the orchid-house to pay his usual early visit to his idol. When he unlocked the door he was met by a strong perfume, something entirely different from anything he had ever smelt before.

The blossoms had burst forth in all their glory!

He gasped in admiration of their splendour. and peered closely at their strange form.

What were these tiny runners that protruded from the centre of each blossom? What purpose could they be intended to serve?

While he puzzled this question in his mind, he became aware of an unpleasant factor in the composition of the scent which the flowers emitted. There was a sweetness that made him dazed and faint.

He drew his hand across his brow.

In another moment he fell to the floor unconscious, and the tiny runners from the blossoms stretched down after him, and closed upon his face and hands.

It was two hours later when the gardener entered the conservatory, and found his master dead, every drop of blood sucked from his body by the long runners of the orchid.

At the inquest which followed, a great expert was called, in the hope that he might be able to give some explanation of the mystery.

"I am acquainted with every known variety of orchid," he informed the jury, "and I may say that I have seen a specimen of this variety abroad, though never in this country. It is not, however, one of the so-called cannibal plants, and it could only have become so by being nourished upon some sort of animal matter. As far as we are able to learn from the gardener, it never did have such nourishment."

The court was adjourned, in order that the jury might have an opportunity of examining the orchid, but when they reached the conservatory the plant was dead and shrivelled—killed, the experts said, by surfeit.

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THE MAN WHO LOVES FLOWERS.

The window box appeals to the countryman and the town dweller alike, but to the latter it frequently affords his only means of exercising his taste in floriculture.

To have a window box specially made to fit your window-sill will cost you a good deal, but you can construct suitable boxes very simply.

On the stone part of the sill you should place three small blocks of wood, about an inch each way, and long enough to reach to the edge of the sill. These will support the box, keeping it off the stone and thus assisting drainage. Moreover they will facilitate the fitting of the box, as they form a base flush with the wooden part of the sill. The box may be constructed of any old wood, for the front is to be decorated with pieces of bark, which will effectually hide any defects of workmanship. It should not be painted on the inside, but the top and the side facing the house will look all the better for a coat.

In the bottom of the box you must bore at least a dozen holes. It should be about 9 inches deep altogether; 2 inches should be occupied with broken flower pots, pieces of brick and small stones, then should come a thin layer of moss or other fibre, then a 2 inch layer of well rotted manure, the remainder of the box being filled up with good loam mixed with silver sand.

You must remember that the window box is more than a mere plant nursery. It ranks rather as a conservatory than as a greenhouse, and is intended to display absolutely the best you can do.

If therefore you possess a garden, do not hesitate to remove to your window box specimens of the most promising plants. If you lift plenty of earth about the roots, transplanting is not likely to do much damage.

Round the front of the window box you should plant a line of ivy geraniums, which will presently hang gracefully over the edge, concealing the box from view and showing a mass of salmon pink blooms.

The box itself may be occupied with white marguerites, which contrast admirably with the geraniums, while a line of mignonette may run between the marguerites and the window, to delight the eye and the nostrils of the occupant of the room.

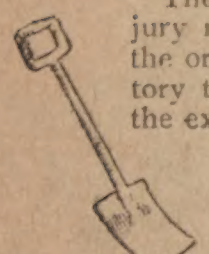
The floral scheme suggested is not by any means the only one. Spiræas, gladioli, the dwarf iris, either purple or skyblue, anemones, calceolarias, cinerarias and lobelia are amongst the favourites for this purpose. Canary creeper may be substituted for the ivy geranium, if economy is a consideration.

The box should be kept well stocked all the year round. Bulbs should be planted in their season, and in the autumn a few conifers and other dwarf evergreen shrubs will keep the box pleasant to look at.

There is no reason why it should be unsightly at any time of the year.

The plants must be well supplied with manure. Guano or a fish fertiliser will answer very well, but the following plan is less costly.

Half fill an old watering-can with some well-rotted horse dung, and fill it up with water. When this has stood for a few days you will have a fine liquid manure. R. MAXWELL.



THE CANDID FRIEND.

A MERCILESS DIAGNOSIS.

Should you have the misfortune the dire misfortune, to possess or to acquire a candid friend, take my advice and lose him.

Lose him right away; don't let him stand upon the order of his going, and thus you shall save yourself an intolerable amount of heart-burning and humiliation.

That's all very well, you may say, but how am I to get rid of him?

The recipe is quite simple; just be as candid with him as he is with you, and you won't be able to see his heels for the dust, so quick will he fly; for it is in the nature of the beast that the candid friend is as intolerant of criticism of himself as he is intolerant in his criticism of others.

Of course, a friend who is "frank, ingenuous; free from prejudice: fair, impartial," all of which things are the dictionary meanings of "candid," is a treasure, to be treated and valued as such; but the candid friend, as most of us know him, does not possess these qualities, or if he does he has them in an undesirable excess or form.

His "frankness" is simply boorish rudeness; his ingenuousness a disgusting want of tact; his freedom from prejudice means that he will never take your side or support those who are entitled to his support, while his idea of being "fair and impartial" is to be singularly alive to your faults, singularly blind to your virtues.

The candid friend belongs to that silly class of critic which imagines that fault-finding is criticism.

Any fool can find fault, but it takes a cultured mind—horrid word "cultured," but inevitable—to appreciate excellence.

The friend who does not hesitate to tell you when he thinks you have done a foolish thing, or propose to make a fool of yourself, may be a good friend, but he is only half a chum unless he will be equally candid when you have earned praise or encouragement.

That is just what a certain type, and the most prevalent type of candid friend never does. He imagines it to be his mission in life to remind you of your faults, but he never by any chance admits that you have done well.

He treads upon your corns at every turn, and wounds you in your tenderest spots. He seems to take a fiendish delight in telling you that you are not looking well, in reminding you that you are not so young as you were, in dragging your grey hairs into the light.

His exasperating motto is "I told you so," and you might as well go to an ourang-outang for sympathy as to a candid friend.

He is a barbarian, the candid friend. Civilised society demands a certain amount of pretence, a certain glossing over of ugly things, but the candid friend will have none of this decent and desirable "make believe." He leaves you and life no glamour. He finds a gloomy satisfaction in his friend's misfortunes, and he is always so intolerably cocksure and infallible.

"I told you so," is his parrot cry, and he loses no chance of rubbing gall into your wounds.

The candid friend is a wrecker of happy homes, either as inmate or visitor. When candour comes in at the door, comfort flies out of the window.

I don't mean the kind of candour that prevails between brothers. That does not do much harm. But there is the candid friend as a visitor who comes in, gets on your nerves, wounds your self-respect, and upsets everybody and everything.

He tells you that you are living far too extravagantly. He tells you that you have been "had over that last case of wine, that last box of cigars. Perhaps you have, but he needn't "rub it in."

The candid friend, however, is perhaps at his worst as husband or wife. God help the man whose wife is also his candid friend, or the woman who is tied to a candid brute of a husband.

The candid friend seldom minds his own business, and is given to kicking a man when he is down. He is, in short, a nuisance and a bore.

E. GERRARD RATHBONE.

VARSITY STYLE

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S GLORIOUS MANNER.

A certain Oxford [illegible], like a certain famous school which traces its origin to the same founder, wears the motto "Manners makyth man."

That is the one thing that is expected of the 'Varsity man,—that his manners should be above reproach, that his conduct should unmistakably display the indefinable something that we know as "social form" or "good breeding."

Usually the foundation has been laid at school or at home and the 'Varsity has only to put the finishing touch, and perhaps to add something to the individuality which the public school has so carefully crushed. It doesn't do to be different from other boys at a British public school; the fellow who is gets sat on.

THE BOUNDER.

Sometimes, however, a man's social education has been a little neglected before he comes up. He may be lucky enough not to notice what he lacks; if so, he will probably get polished unconsciously by rubbing up against others, and getting the "corners" smoothed down.

He may, on the other hand, realise his lack of "breeding," and set himself consciously to acquire it.

Here we have the makings of the prig, the man who has, and who prides himself on, what may be called an exaggerated "'Varsity style." If he only knew it, he is the laughing-stock of those whom he meets, whether they have been at a university or not.

Again, a man may have been at one of the minor universities, which have sprung up of recent years all over the kingdom and are doing such excellent work, and, instead of being proud of his Alma Mater and acknowledging her before the world, he is secretly ashamed of her, and tries to convey the impression that he has been at Oxford or Cambridge.

It is true that, just as in the academic world the Oxford or Cambridge degree stands far above those of other universities in most people's estimation, so to have been at one of those ancient seats of learning is socially in one's favour, whether one has learnt anything or not. But there are as good men outside the two oldest universities as ever were in them, and the man who poses as an Oxonian or a Cantab is soon discovered when he meets the real article, and forfeits all claim to his own or anyone else's respect.

THE MEANING OF MANNER.

We often hear of the "Oxford manner," and, less frequently, of the "Cambridge manner." What do those terms mean?

It is very hard to put it into words, but we may perhaps suggest some of the characteristics of the 'Varsity man.

He is usually possessed of a certain amount of conceit, but the curious thing is that it is not altogether objectionable in him. He gives the impression of being, and knowing that he is, a little superior to his fellow men. It isn't exactly side or swagger—it's just the "'Varsity manner."

Good taste, especially in matters of dress, is rare, though in this matter, both at Oxford and Cambridge, there are two types. There is the man—probably a member or a would-be member of the Bullingdon, or the Athenaeum, in which the "property qualification" is at least a year—who is immaculate at all seasons, in ties, socks, shirt and close-fitting suit of elaborate colour scheme, whose smart hat is worn slightly at an angle, and who carries a walking stick.

Then there is the man—probably a scholar or at least a passman—who takes life seriously, whom you will meet attired in shapeless grey flannel bags and a norfolk coat with a nap like a woolly bear, with wildly clashing socks and tie, and a pair of pumps or nailed brown brogues, such as you can hear thundering up and down the old college staircases all over Oxford to-day.

He carries a gown over one arm, or like a muffler round his neck. He wears no cap upon his head, and a walking stick is anathema to him—except when on Sunday he sallies forth capless and in his oldest clothes to tramp across twenty miles or so of God's earth with a tried companion or some freshman whom he wants to get to know. And then his stick can scarcely be called smart.

It is this latter type that is the backbone of the University; which, with a few exceptions, produces the men that do things when they are launched upon the world. But it is the former class, the darlings of the drawing room and the frequenters of the music-hall, from whom the outer world derives its picture of the typical 'Varsity man.

The really typical undergraduate can dress respectably if he wants to—he does in Eights Week and Commem.—but he just doesn't take the trouble to do so as a rule; there are more important things for him than dress, so you may see him even in the stalls of the theatre—especially if the play is by Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, or Gilbert and Sullivan—still in his dear old norfolk coat and his shapeless flannels.

HIGH-STEPPING OXFORD

I have heard it said that Oxford men always walk as if they were going over a ploughed field. I have never noticed the peculiarity myself, but certainly the Oxford mud would give some cause for their lifting their feet high.

Your modern 'Varsity man struggles very hard to convey the impression of being a cynic. He says things which he doesn't mean in the least, because they sound smart or out of the common. He would have you know that he has lived the life and knows what's what, and is a bit of a dog, and so on.

But with it all he acquires a sort of *savoir faire*, which seems to put him at his ease with all sorts and conditions of men.

One of his peculiarities is that he seems to have declared war on officialdom in all its forms. A man in uniform—be he policeman, railway servant, hotel porter, postman, or even a waiter—seems to him a fitting target for his wit.

When, as usual, it goes no farther than good-natured banter there is no harm done, for the uniformed servant or official is usually the best of fellows and takes it in the right spirit.

Sometimes the 'Varsity man treats those whom he considers his social inferiors like dirt beneath his feet. But when you find him behaving in this way, do not judge him too harshly, and above all do not assume that every other Oxford or Cambridge man is just like him. One of the blessings of 'Varsity life is that it prevents a man getting old before his time.

MAKE ALLOWANCE FOR YOUTH.

As you value his friendship don't call a "'Varsity man" a boy, as so many women do, but remember that in many ways he is one. There is something of school in the air of a university, although the system is different.

I have tried to indicate some characteristics of the typical 'Varsity man, but let me end with the warning that he does not really exist.

There are some 3,000 men at each of the two great universities, and the university, unlike the public school, tends to bring out a man's individuality, and make him different from other fellows.

You may find a man who stands for one type of Oxonian but the typical Oxford man you will never meet.

If you did, you would probably find him a rare good sort.

A. H. MAUDE.

LOOKING FOR SPORT..

YOU NEVER HAVE FAR TO SEARCH.

The other day I met a young chap whom I rather liked. He was not much over twenty, pretty well set-up, and, I should think, very healthy, because good spirits seemed to radiate from him.

He was intelligent to chat to, and what is sometimes called lifey—that is, he seemed to have a lot of spare energy, to be, in fact, a sportsman.

I had only just met him, so I knew nothing of his likes or dislikes, but, sizing the man up, I supposed that he would be keen on most games and sports, so I turned the conversation to them.

"Hold hard!" he said, "I'm not a sportsman, and I know mighty little about sport—I only wish I did!

"Mine is a queer case," he continued. "In my heart I'm a sportsman out-and-out. If I'd been born rich I'd have hunted, gone in for shooting and all the rest of it; but, being poor, I've got to content myself with reading about these things. Games, of course, I could afford, but I'm not keen on them. What I want is what are called field sports. I don't know how much I'd sacrifice to enjoy them!"

It was then that I set about him with my tongue. I called him several different kinds of dunderhead, because I liked him and I think he liked me, and therefore I could speak my mind freely. I showed him that on all sides there were sporting opportunities simply inviting him to take them—without price. At the end of my harangue he shook me by the hand so warmly that my lecture was well paid for, and I give the gist of it here for the benefit of others situated like my young friend.

If you have the instincts of a sportsman, and cannot afford to gratify them in the usual way, all you need to do is to look about you for chances and to let it be known that you are looking.

Ratting is well within your reach. All you want is a smart terrier, which costs you only the price of its license and is a chum to you all the time. A ferret is handy, but, if you cannot borrow one, you can get along by sending out the rats with the fumes of smouldering brown paper. Your hunting-ground will be the hedges and ditches of a handy farm, and its owner will be only too happy to aid and abet you in the extermination of the rats.

Possibly you like riding. If you don't know how to manage a horse and want to learn, join the Yeomanry. You will be thoroughly taught and will be doing your country a turn at the same time. If you know how to ride, and merely lack a mount, there is always to be found some more wealthy horse lover who has not time enough to give his steed all the exercise it wants, and he will be happy to have you take him out at odd times. If you are in the Yeomanry, you will hear of several cases of this sort; if you are not, you may still get wind of them from one of your pals, providing you choose sportsmen for your friends.

If you fancy shooting, make it your business to be friends with some farmers in your vicinity; you want the fun, and they want a rabbit for the pot, so they will lend you a gun to do it all with. If you can't handle a gun and want to learn, one of your farmer friends will teach you.

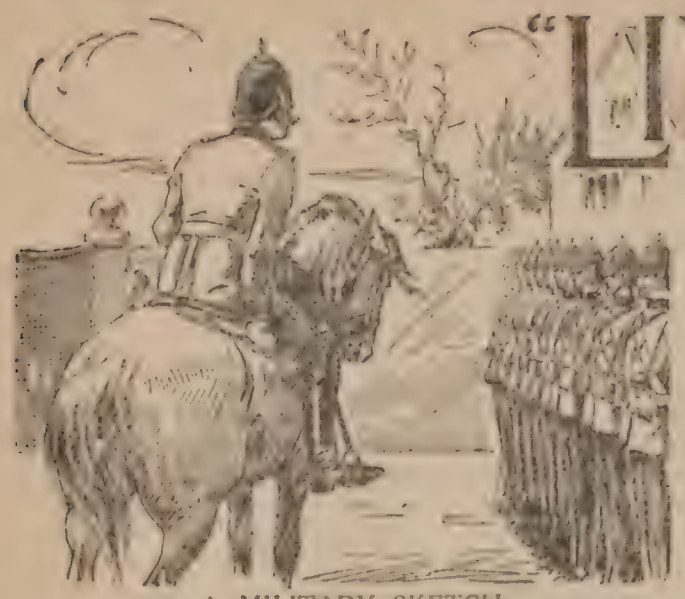
Again you can go beagling on a Saturday afternoon, without cost. Most packs allow each member to bring two friends, and if you don't know a beagler you can join the pack for a very moderate subscription.

As you will have gathered, a lot of this economical sport depends on friends, but don't think I am advising you to cadge off them—that I would never do. You are obliging them by exercising their horses, shooting their rabbits and so forth; they give you the sport; so you are quits.

The great thing is to get to know the right men, those who can offer you these things, and if you are a thoroughly sporting chap, it isn't difficult.

ROBERT GUEST.

"LIVER."



A MILITARY SKETCH.

"Liver," like love, of which, indeed, according to the ancients, it is the seat, affects different men in different ways.

At least, though I have never heard of "liver" filling a victim with transports of joy, like Cupid it often makes the sufferer melancholy, morose, or morbid.

And—here the parallel to love is very close—"liver" sometimes turns its victims into blazing lunatics.

Such an one was Barker, as I call him. I don't know from what precise brand of "liver" Barker suffered, but whether it were of the "hobnailed," the cirrhotic, the sluggish, or any other variety known to medical science, its effects upon him were peculiar, not to say extraordinary.

BARKER BREAKFASTLESS.

After he had had his breakfast, Barker was a good-tempered, genial man and comrade, always ready for a little mild "divarsion," easily amused, and particularly fond of the company of youngsters—he was a major when I first knew him.

Before breakfast he was a Bedlamite. I know many, if not, indeed, most middle-aged men are apt to be short-tempered before the morning meal is disposed of.

But Barker breakfastless was, as I say, a madman. Any lunacy doctor meeting him then would have clapped him in a strait waistcoat at sight. He foamed at the mouth, he "rounded" on his best friends, he was to all intents and purposes beside himself.

I shall always remember my first introduction to Barker. I had just returned from leave during which Barker had come to us from our linked battalion on getting his majority.

I was breakfasting, as it so happened alone in the mess-room, when I became aware of a strange officer pacing angrily up and down the verandah outside.

NURSING HIS WRATH.

I perceived that he was a man of middle-height, thickset, with a fierce reddish-brown moustache, a flinty light blue eye, and that from time to time through the open windows he darted furious glances at the clock.

Suddenly he gave a snarl like a maddened animal, and rushed through the mess-room in the direction of the kitchen. A second or two later there arose yells as of a soul in mortal agony, accompanied by a great breaking and clattering of dishes.

Guided by the sounds I rushed into the kitchen and there I beheld a sight that transfixed me. The man had got our cook—a Frenchman—by the beard and was dragging him round the kitchen, while with his disengaged hand he hurled dishes, plates, crockery of all sorts in every direction, two or three astounded mess waiters meanwhile looking on.

I disentangled the chef, and induced Barker—for he, of course, it was—to return to the mess-room where, in the intervals of having several kinds of fits, he enlightened me as to these strange happenings.

It appeared he had ordered his breakfast to be on the table at 9 a.m. precisely. He had waited until 9.5 a.m. and it was not there. He had gone personally to investigate the meaning of this outrage. And, insult heaped on injury, he had found that while he, Major Lancelot Barker, damme, sir, was kept waiting for his breakfast, the totally excommunicated son of an unmentionable French person was enjoying a hearty meal!

That was an unforgettable six weeks when, the Adjutant having broken his arm, Barker took his place.

Whew! Adjutant's parade at 6.30 a.m. under an unbreakfasted Barker. Again I say—Whew!

Spiritualist "mediums" claim that every person has his aura, a vapour or emanation surrounding him, which, though invisible to the ordinary eye, is apparent to the mediumistic vision, and varies in colour according to the temperament, mood, and health of its possessor.

Barker's aura at Adjutant's parade, I imagine, would have been of a rainbow type, with purple for his language, red for his eye, and black for his mood predominating.

COMPLIMENTS.

Imagine the parade fallen in, reports collected and delivered, and Barker about to begin drilling us.

Suddenly he stiffens on his charger. His face and body seem to swell. Certainly from quite afar off one can distinctly see pin points of fire darting from his eyes. His moustache bristles, and he gasps for breath.

Then at last he finds his tongue:

"My Deity," he barks, "number ten in the rear rank of number two company is moving his left eyelash——" and then follows a regular Brock's benefit of verbal fireworks.

"Is this a parade of putty policemen?" etc., etc.

But unlike some officers who use a lot of "language," Barker was a first rate drill—the finest I ever met, and, after breakfast, he was one of the nicest fellows imaginable.

Among other recollections of Barker, I preserve a to me ineffaceable one.

THE DISRESPECTFUL IRREGULAR.

It was one of our "little wars"—a Colonial affair. At the outset operations were conducted by a local body of volunteers. On the arrival, however, of some regular troops, of which Barker was Chief Staff Officer, the regular authorities took charge, and Barker wrote to the Chief Staff Officer of the local force asking him to call at 8 a.m. next morning for the purpose of discussing the transference of various arms, stores and so on.

8.30 came but not the Chief Staff Officer, and Barker was purple with indignation. He had a bitter, but so far as my experience goes most unjustifiable, contempt for irregulars.

At last the door opened, and in walked, or rather staggered the volunteer C.S.O., a harum-scarum young mining engineer in times of peace.

Without saluting—he was junior to Barker—he coolly sat down on Barker's table—a fearful breach of military etiquette—then cheerily remarked:

"Well, old cock, I was drunk three times last night, I haven't been to bed, and I haven't washed. But what can I do for you?"

Barker came out on top, but he lost a front tooth all the same. "CHINSTRAP."

CAN YOU WRITE AN ARTICLE?

THE MODERN MAN *offers a better market to writers than does any other paper, as we do not use scissors and paste, but buy every line that appears in these pages.*

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LOVERS OF SOLITUDE.

*"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude."—*COWPER.

About two miles from Salisbury there [illegible] an imposing mansion, the property of a [illegible] naval officer. In one corner of the [illegible] small hut of stone, which is believed [illegible] have been inhabited by a hermit. The old [illegible] tain is a bit of a wag, and some time ag[illegible] advertised for a hermit, salary £1 per we[illegible] but with the condition that the applicant [illegible] be content to live on the food with which [illegible] employer supplied him.

Some dozen men of all ages presented themselves, and the captain picked out the one who seemed to be the most robust. The hermit took up his position in the cell, and whiled away the time with a sixpenny novel. After six hours he began to feel hungry, but dared not leave his cell; at the end of twelve hours a servant was sent from the house with his dinner.

This turned out to be nothing more appetising than a collection of tin parings which the captain had obtained from a factory in which he was interested. Strangely enough the hermit evidenced a keen desire for the society of his fellow men, and the hermitage still remains tenantless.

It is not often, however, that we find the [illegible] ment of humour in connection with the [illegible] of solitude. In the meadows about [illegible] borough may be seen the wild man of [illegible] amptonshire. John Churchin is his name, and his age is sixty-two. He is an ardent student of astronomy and claims to have discovered perpetual motion; his food is mangels, raw potatoes, turnips, and an infusion of cowslip tea; his bed any old place beneath a hedge.

Not very long ago he was brought before the Peterborough magistrates, charged with the heinous offence of sleeping out without visible means of subsistence.

As they looked upon the venerable man with his long white hair and beard, the hearts of the Bench softened, and they gave him—no, not alms, but a spell of imprisonment in Northampton gaol. John is out again now, however, living his solitary life in the meadows, and, as he has been careful to obtain permission from the farmers, it is scarcely likely that he will again be interfered with.

There lives in a lonely castle on the coast of Yorkshire a certain Captain White. He was educated at Eton, and at an early age entered a crack cavalry regiment. As the handsome son of a baronet he found himself worshipped in Society, and his career in every respect seemed likely to be a happy one.

Then his father died and he learned that he was only a natural son. He was engaged to the daughter of an Irish peer, but immediately broke off the engagement, and, changing the property his father had left him into gold, he took himself with his fortune to the present lonely residence which he purchased.

There he lives, not like the hermits of old, but in comparative luxury. He has a well equipped library, and his wants are attended to by a number of female servants, none of whom has ever seen her master. He has it a standing rule that they are to keep out of his way, and if he happens to encounter one of the girls she is dismissed.

In a London workhouse lives a man who is famous as the hermit of Clare Market. For many years he lived in a cellar, which was finally removed when Kingsway was built. The door served as chimney and window also, there was a small hole, which had probably been designed originally as a shoot for coals.

A rickety ladder served him as a means of descent, and at night he removed the ladder, thus making entry from the street practically impossible.

His motive was poverty, but the impetus to cause of seeking solitude is not always that.

Walter Tibbal, a once prosperous Chatham butcher, for example, lived and died in a tiny hut on the outskirts of the town, to expiate some imaginary crime.

F. ARUD.

Hints on Carving

In an amusing chapter of reminiscences His Honour Judge Parry, of the Manchester and Salford County Court, once told the following little story about himself.

On one occasion he acted as Judge's Marshal, and at the end of the circuit the Judge presented him with a written testimonial to the effect that [illegible] young Mr. [illegible], as he then was, carved cold [illegible] and [illegible] soda water [illegible] disturbance to the furniture than any other Marshal he, the Judge, had ever known.

I certainly do not say that Judge Parry's rapid advancement at the Bar was due to his abilities as a carver. Nevertheless, carving is a most useful accomplishment in a man.

True, in "tony" society the custom now is to have the carving done by a servant at a side table, but the average man still carves for himself, and every young man should make himself acquainted with the principles and rules of carving. For when visiting friends he may often be called upon to carve something or other, and a pretty fool he will then look if he does not know how to begin.

Moreover, when he himself has to play the host it will add greatly to the comfort of his guests and of himself if he is at home with the carving knife.

SOUND ECONOMY.

Finally, on this point good carving makes for economy. A skilful carver wastes nothing, and gets the utmost out of whatever dish may be placed before him.

Now for a few general principles: In the first place carving emphatically is *not* a matter of strength, as so many people seem to imagine.

How often will you not see a man about to carve [illegible] up, and metaphorically, if not indeed [illegible] take his coat off to the job, which he [illegible] with an air of fierce determination.

It is all wrong. *Sit down* to your carving, approach it coolly and delicately, and not as if you were breaking stones for a wager and were behind time.

Much, if not indeed everything, depends on the carving-knife being sharp. Satisfy yourself on this point, but don't try the edge on the cloth. If you do, the grease will make it difficult to sharpen the knife, if it requires treatment. Try the edge on the ball of the thumb, and if you have to use the sharpener be careful to wipe the knife with a napkin afterwards, otherwise particles of steel will adhere to the edge and, mixed up with the joint, to the detriment of the diners' digestions.

Don't have the dish so far away from you that you have to keep your arms outstretched to reach it. Carving in such a position can never be natural.

HOW TO DEAL WITH FISH.

Now we turn from the general to the particular and we will start with fish.

The golden rules for carving fish are, first, use a fish slice, and not a steel knife, and, second, cut thick.

In fish, as for example, soles, you divide into portions, cutting right through the fish to the bone and all from side to side. The number of portions depends, of course, on the number of diners and the size of the fish, but an average sole should divide into three parts.

In fish you do not cut, but slice. For example, in carving salmon or cod's head and shoulders, first run the carver along the centre bone of the side down to the bone; then carve in underneath skin downwards and upwards.

The great thing in carving fish is to keep the flakes unbroken, otherwise the appearance of the fish is spoiled, and it is made to look unappetising.

Some fish, of course, you neither cut nor slice, but serve whole, as for example, whiting, herrings, smelts.

Fish we may now leave with the remark that the thickest part is usually esteemed the best, and so when you are entertaining your rich uncle or affluent maiden aunt remember to give him or her the fattest bit of turbot or whatever fish you may have provided.

The general rule in carving meat is to cut it thin. This, however, does not apply to mutton, which should be cut in moderately thick slices. Beef, or ham, on the other hand, can scarcely be cut too fine.

The simplest joint of all to carve is the round of beef. Here all you need try to do is to cut it in even and unbroken slices.

BEEF AND POULTRY.

Sirloin of beef, too, is not difficult, but you must remember first of all to turn the joint over and cut the undercut into vertical slices. Then restore the joint to its original position and slice it flatways.

But it is when we come to poultry and game that the highest qualities of the carver are needed.

The skilful carver will dismember a chicken with a few turns of the knife.

Fowl is the commonest poultry task the carver has to face, and here is the recipe:

First, insert the knife between the leg and the side, and lay the leg back, severing the joint with the edge of the knife.

In fact, the rule is "first, stop it from running." Having removed both legs, treat the wings in similar fashion, and then remove the neck bone and the merry thought, by prising them up with the flat of the knife, slice the breast, and your fowl is neatly carved.

Roast duck has an evil name—from the unskilful carver's point of view—and we cannot all hope to emulate the coolness, not to say cheek, of the carver, who, having contrived to send a duck spinning into a lady's lap, calmly observed: "Madam, I'll trouble you for that duck."

As a matter of fact, however, duck is not really difficult. If he is a duckling carve him like a fowl; if a full grown bird treat him as you would a goose.

BIRDS—LARGE AND SMALL.

But perhaps you don't know how to carve a goose? Well, first evenly-cut slices, not too thick nor too thin, are carved from the breast. A hole is made in the apron, where the stuffing is, some of which is served with each plate. Having finished with the breast, dismember the goose as you would a fowl.

Pigeon, Partridge, or Grouse—in fact, any fairly small bird—cut him in two lengthways. Very small birds, however, such as snipe, are generally served whole.

In regard to turkey a well-known *chef* once told me that it should be treated as a joint. That is, it should not be dismembered, but slices cut from the legs and wings, and of course from the breast.

Hare requires neat carving. The general rule is that no bone should be served with hare, and the method of cutting him up is as follows: Cut slices lengthways from either side of the backbone; then disengage the legs and shoulders, and next cut the backbone in two.

There are, of course, many other dishes with which the carver may be confronted. But if he will pay attention to the hints already given, he will probably be able to adapt himself to the exigencies of any strange case. And if he will keep cool, use his commonsense, and remember that whatever he puts on a plate should look dainty and appetising, he should be able to surmount all difficulties.

A MAN'S TOILET TABLE.

WHAT IT SHOULD HOLD, AND WHAT IT SHOULDN'T.

Order and tidiness are amongst the essentials to a happy life, and as a man spends about a third of his life in his bedroom and dressing-room, they are nowhere more important than here.

I have for years been in search of the ideal arrangement for a toilet table, and as the question has considerable bearing not only upon the way a man is turned out, but on his personal comfort, I venture to describe it, now that, in my own opinion, I have found it.

On either side of the looking-glass is a little stack of three drawers. These are extremely useful for stowing away such things as are not required daily, but must still be within reach.

In one I keep certain elementary remedies—a small bottle of embrocation with which to rub a strained muscle, a packet of court plaster with which to patch a cut, a wisp of antiseptic cotton wool to dab over a razor scratch, and a box of antiseptic ointment, which is useful for a bruised heel or any such mishap.

Another of these drawers I have filled with bootlaces, black and brown mostly, but with a few pairs of white for summer footgear.

A third contains a number of spare studs, particularly the flat ones which are used to fix the collar to the back of the shirt, and which have such an unhappy knack of losing themselves. In this drawer also I have a few safety pins for soft collars, a tie pin or two, and such other little bits of jewellery as I possess.

In a fourth drawer I keep my shaving tackle. The fifth and sixth I keep for miscellaneous purposes, the storage of tobacco and so forth. The drawer in the middle of the toilet table itself contains my ties.

It is sufficiently long to enable a tie to be put into it folded only once, and it is deep and wide enough to shelter a very fair assortment.

On the toilet table itself, one wants nothing but what is to be used every day.

For my own part I have on mine a couple of military hair brushes and a comb, a couple of clothes brushes and a hat brush, a flat bottle containing my tooth brush, a pot of cold cream for use after shaving, a bottle of scent, and unguents for the hair. These include a bottle of lime cream, and another of a certain advertised hair-dressing of which I am fond.

I think that a man's toilet table, like all the rest of his bedroom, should be free of anything useless.

It should not carry papers and books, for instance, but should be reserved exclusively for the purpose for which it is intended.

When you keep your room as severely plain as possible, with the minimum of ornaments, you greatly facilitate the process of cleaning, so that your landlady or your servants have no excuse for scamping this necessary process. The carrying out of all the loose articles in my own bedroom need only occupy a moment, and yet I have there everything that I am likely to need.

It is only those things that are in constant use, that should be left lying about; others, which are only wanted occasionally, had much better be stowed away in drawers where they are free from dust, and yet accessible when wanted.

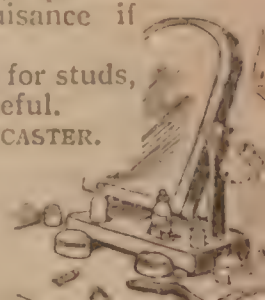
The man who can shave in the bath-room has a great advantage, as he not only has hot water to his hand, but he can economise space on his toilet table by keeping his shaving tackle in the linen cupboard, and he avoids all risk of making a mess with flying lather.

For the man whose toilet table is not built on the plan above referred to, a small cabinet or medicine cupboard made to hang on the wall will be a great convenience.

Here he can keep all those miscellaneous odds and ends—toilet preparations, sticking plaster and so on—which become such a nuisance if they are left about loose.

A small box with four compartments for studs, links, tie-pins, and tie clips is also useful.

A. Lancaster.



The CHASE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By H. F. LYON.

"The Central Committee has duly sat in judgment upon you and has condemned you to death. The sentence will be executed within the next seven days unless you are willing to pay £50,000 in English money. If you agree to these terms insert in to-morrow's 'Herald' the following advertisement: 'I agree to the terms.—A.L.' On seeing this notice we shall immediately forward you instructions as to how the money is to be paid over."

This precious epistle was unsigned with any name, but at the foot of it appeared a crude black silhouette of a hand, and I had no difficulty in recognising that I was receiving attention from that gang of blackmailers known as the Black Hand, and commonly supposed to be an off-shoot of the Italian secret society, the Mafia.

If your imagination is sufficiently strong to allow you to suppose for a moment that you stood in the shoes I then occupied, you will realise that I had sufficiently good cause for alarm.

I had completed most of the contracts which I had had in view, and intended to sail for England within a week's time. On receipt of this epistle however I determined to cut short my visit by four days, and thus to sail by the steamer which left three days hence. Trusting that by this little scheme I should be able to hoodwink the Black Hand, I of course took no further notice of their communication except forwarding it to the police.

On the following evening I received a second communication from the Black Hand. It was particularly brief:

"You have not replied to our previous communication as directed. You will therefore die on Thursday."

As my steamer sailed on Wednesday I felt no uneasiness, but I was none the less glad when Wednesday arrived and I watched the Liberty statue slowly sinking behind the liner.

The voyage itself was dull. The passengers were chiefly Americans bent on seeing Europe, and for the most part they were purse-proud vulgar people with whom I did not particularly wish to strike up an acquaintance. There was one passenger however with whom I sometimes smoked and drank. He was an Englishman, as might be seen from his accent and clothes. He informed me that his name was Keynes, and that he was a private detective who had been to New York on business.

One evening as we were leaning on the taffrail smoking and watching the phosphorescence of the water where the steamer had ruffled its surface, the conversation turned to the subject of blackmailing, and I told him about the letters I had received from the Black Hand. The matter appeared to interest him extremely, for he questioned me searchingly in regard to every circumstance connected with it.

"You will be extremely fortunate," he said shaking his head dubiously, "if you have indeed managed to shake them off. I have had some experience of these gentry, and I am afraid that they will follow you to the ends of the earth till they have either secured their demands or compassed your death."

I felt however that this was a grossly sensational view to take of the case.

We reached Southampton at six o'clock one evening, and, as I did not relish arriving in Birmingham somewhere in the middle of the night, I determined to break my journey in London and secure a good night's rest. I accordingly travelled with Keynes to Waterloo, where we separated. Chartering a cab I drove to the hotel in Norfolk-Street which I generally patronise when in town. Having booked a room, I had some refreshment and betook myself to the Tivoli. It was eleven o'clock when I left the theatre and close on twelve before I finally returned to my room.

I am not readily scared but I will admit frankly that I received an unpleasant shock when I observed a letter lying on my dressing table, with the now familiar silhouette of a black hand in place of a postage stamp.

I opened the letter and read:

"You were indeed mistaken if you imagined that we can be thrown off the scent so easily. Your flight from America, far from doing you a service, merely makes us the more determined to execute our purpose. Moreover, as a punishment for your having broken faith with us, we shall deal with your uncle after we have finished with you. Your best course is to advertise in to-morrow's 'Times' in the same manner as we advised you to do in the case of the New York 'Herald.'"

After a night of fairly sound sleep I breakfasted and caught an early train to Birmingham. At Coventry we stopped for a few minutes and I left the carriage to stretch my legs on the platform. I had scarcely alighted when the guard approached me and handed me an undirected envelope.

In reply to my inquiries as to who had instructed him to give me this he said that just before the train had left Euston a gentleman had come up to him with the request that he would hand this letter to me when we reached Coventry and not before. He had described me pretty accurately, and I daresay had secured the execution of his instructions by the simple expedient of tipping the guard.

I returned to my carriage, tore open the envelope and discovered a letter practically identical with the second one which I had received in New York.

Worn out with travelling I wanted a good night's rest, and on reaching home retired to bed somewhere about ten o'clock. Pinned to my pillow with a dagger was a further warning from the Black Hand:

"This is absolutely your final warning. Unless you agree to our terms and notify us to that effect in the personal column of to-morrow's 'Post' we shall crush you as we would a fly."

I had no desire to deprive my uncle of his sleep, so I did not lay the letter before him till after breakfast on the following morning.

"My boy," he said, "it seems to me that there is only one course for you to adopt. You must leave bricks and mortar behind you and betake yourself to the open country. Streets are the most convenient places for blackguards to accomplish their purposes, but their designs do not prosper amongst the fields. I would pay the money they ask, but it would run me to the very limit of my resources, and when I die I should not be able to leave you the fortune I have hoped to do."

I felt that there was something in what he said. In the state of mind which I now experienced every doorway seemed to hold a possible assailant, and I was rapidly becoming a nervous wreck. Therefore, after careful consultation of time tables and guide books I determined to catch the Scotch express that night. This I did without mishap.

I arrived in Aberdeen early on the following morning; in the afternoon I journeyed by 'bus to a place called Midmar some twelve or fifteen miles west of the city; it recommended itself to me by reason of the fact that it could be approached only by an old fashioned omnibus service which struck me as being highly favourable to the execution of the blackmailers' schemes.

I discovered that there was not even a village there but only a grocer's shop and a few scattered houses. With the grocer I made arrangements for a brief visit and before darkness had fallen I had made a hearty meal and was sitting in an upstairs room snugly in front of a blazing wood fire.

Secure in the belief that I had given my pursuers the slip, I slept the sleep of the just, but in the morning I discovered my error on perceiving that a dagger, similar to the one which I had found in my pillow in Birmingham, was lying on my dressing table. It had this essential difference, however, that it was covered with clotted blood, some of which had stained the white coverlet of the table.

I did not take my landlady into my confidence in the matter but placed the dagger in my bag, and explained the blood on the coverlet by saying that I had cut myself while shaving. No one had been in the 'bus but myself during the last few miles of the journey, so my pursuer could have reached me only in one way, by motor. This surmise was strengthened by a remark made by an old lady in my hearing. As her groceries were being tied up and placed in her basket, she remarked to my landlady that she had been sitting up with an ailing daughter, and towards midnight had been awakened by the sound of a motor car.

She had looked out and had seen it pass by, making a special note of the fact because it had run over her cat which had been out prowling. It contained she said only one man and she would like to get hold of him "for Tabby was sic a gran' mouser."

I passed the day exploring the country, and retired to my room at ten o'clock that night. I did not go to bed however, but when the house was quiet slipped out of my window and clambered down a wooden trellis which had been fixed to the wall outside. I had armed myself with a revolver and fortified myself against the cold with a heavy overcoat.

Concealing myself behind some bushes I waited patiently till I thought that every moment the first streaks of dawn must be visible. At length my vigil was rewarded. I could hear a motor car stop some distance up the road and presently a muffled figure came walking towards where I lay. He passed through the little wooden gate and commenced to climb up the trellis towards my window.

He was about four feet from the ground when I seized him by the legs and exerting all my strength flung him headlong to the earth. The force of the impact was sufficient to stun him so that he gave me no more trouble. It was impossible to go further without the knowledge of the inmates of the house and so I shouted for assistance. When lights were brought I examined my adversary's face.

He was none other than Keynes the detective. I considered that it would have been misplaced clemency if I had allowed him to escape, and he was duly brought to trial. It was then discovered that he was no detective but a notorious blackmailer whom the police had long wished to lay by the heels.

Gathering from my conversation the true facts concerning the letters which the Black Hand had actually sent me he had hit upon the daring scheme of taking their place in the extortion of money from myself and my uncle. Happily for the world at large he will not be in a position to blackmail anybody for many years to come.

HOW TO EXCEL AT BILLIARDS

SOME HINTS FOR NOVICE AND DUFFER.

"No gentleman should be able to make a break of more than twenty-five at billiards," is a saying attributed to His Majesty the King.

Assuming for the nonce that the King did say this dictum may be interpreted as meaning, firstly, that as billiards is mainly a social game, as played by gentlemen, a high degree of skill at it is undesirable, as tending to make a business of what should be an amusement, and secondly that ability to make a break of more than twenty-five argues an unnecessary and objectionable degree of proficiency.

Well, of course, there are heaps of gentlemen who can make breaks of more than twenty-five. But the average amateur could seldom guarantee to make twenty-five even when allowed first to place the balls in any position he liked.

And any amateur who could average twenty-five every time he went to the table would be exceptionally skilful, and far too good for average amateur company.

Therefore, although I have called this article "How to Excel at Billiards" my object is not to teach you to excel as professionals excel, but to play a good game as an amateur.

BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

Nor do I intend to illustrate my remarks with a lot of diagrams, because these are seldom much use unless you have the time and patience to work them out in practice, which few [illegible].

Moreover, it is no earthly use your trying advanced billiards before you have mastered the most elementary principles of the game, which is just what the average amateur fails to do.

And by "elementary principles" I do not altogether mean "half ball shots," "natural angles," and so on, though I shall have something to say about them.

I mean rather those preliminary precautions and steps which a man going in for cricket, shooting, it seems to me any game but billiards would take, but which when he starts learning billiards he seldom or never does take.

PRO. AND AMATEUR.

There is no game in which the superiority of the professional over the amateur is so great as at billiards. A third or even fifth rate "pro" is so much better than the best of amateurs the gulf between the average professional and the average amateur is simply immeasurable.

Why is this? Is it all a matter of the "pro's" opportunities of practice; his greater keenness; the fact that he has to earn his living by the game? I think not. There are amateur cricketers, footballers, golfers, fully equal to any professional, who do not really devote more time and enthusiasm to their particular sport than the average amateur billiards-lover does to his. Yet the latter seldom or never approaches professional excellence, and the reason I contend is that the average amateur "cueist" sets about learning the game in an entirely wrong way.

He usually begins by knocking the balls about with a friend as ignorant of the game as himself. He rarely dreams of taking a few lessons from a competent teacher. Yet the youth who is taking up cricket, golf, shooting, or what not almost always goes to an expert for advice. But billiards, no. Curious, isn't it?

PROPER LESSONS AT THE START.

If you have never played billiards, but want to, my advice to you is, get a few lessons from a professional. And if you have played billiards, but never seem to get any better, my advice is the same, take lessons from a competent man.

Do so, and your enjoyment of the game will be enormously increased. I question whether the average amateur really enjoys billiards.

Usually he is groping in the dark, battling with difficulties he does not know how to tackle. He has no mastery over any point of the game.

As I say, you don't want to acquire professional skill, but a short course of competent instruction will at least give you an insight into the game, and enable you to appreciate its many

beauties, and thus greatly increase your enjoyment in it. However, perhaps you have no chance of getting instruction, and I will now try to give you a few general hints which I hope will be of service to you.

First of all, your cue. Your comfort, and to a great extent your success depend on the right choice of a cue. Of course, you cannot carry your cue about with you everywhere, but I assume you are going to play fairly regularly at some billiard room or other.

Have your own cue. The 15s. or guinea you may pay for it will be more than repaid in its usefulness and pleasure to you. Cues, like women, are "kittle cattle." Don't bother about having any particular weight. I often hear men in billiard rooms tell the marker to give them a cue of such and such a weight.

THE FINDING OF A TREASURE.

They seem to think that because the cue weighs so much it must suit them. That is nonsense. The weight of a cue is more or less a nominal matter. What is of importance is the balance of the cue, and the balance of the same cue is never the same to two different players.

A 15oz. cue may be perfectly balanced for one man, hopelessly unbalanced for another, and of half-a-dozen 15oz. cues no two would have the same balance for the same player.

Whether a cue is your balance you alone can tell, but you can tell it at once. Don't be in a hurry to buy a cue. Search about until you find one that just suits you, that fits you as a gun should fit you, that you feel at home with as you would with a cricket bat or tennis racket.

Fred Weiss, the Australian player, found his favourite cue in an ordinary billiard room rack. Hundreds of men no doubt had used it, and found no particular virtue in it, but Weiss, so he told me, had not played half-a-dozen shots with it before he knew it was the one cue in the world for him.

FORM AND STYLE.

Incidentally, he also told me that he was so afraid of anything happening to his "treasure" that he had a dozen replicas made of it.

They were the same weight, the same dimensions to a hairsbreadth. Yet none was the slightest use to him; they lacked the "soul" of the original.

Therefore, I say, buy your own cue, but don't be in a hurry—hunt about till you find one that absolutely suits you, and cherish it.

Indeed, the whole point of my sermon is, study your comfort. This is just what the average amateur does not do. He will go on playing with a cue he doesn't like, and then is surprised that he can do nothing right.

The same applies to the stance and the bridge. Time after time you will see amateurs playing in obviously uncomfortable positions. Why? Because they have read in some book that they ought to stand in such and such a position, hold their cue at such and such a point, make the bridge in such and such a way. That is all nonsense.

It is told of Mr. John Ball, the famous amateur golfer, that a beginner, having carefully studied his play, remarked that he, Mr. Ball, had every fault of stance, "address" and swing that the books on golf had warned him against.

The moral of this story is that the man who succeeds at any game is he who adopts those methods best suited to his physical individuality, which he finds give the best results.

Therefore, remembering that the weight of your body should be balanced on the right foot, adopt practically whatever stance at the billiard table you find is most comfortable to you. The same in regard to the "bridge." Naturally you want the "bridge" to be as firm as possible, but because you place your left hand on the table in precisely the same manner that John Roberts does, it won't follow that you will play like him.

Every great player has his own peculiarities in the way he makes the bridge, but with all the principle is the same—firmness with comfort. Now we come to the actual play—an enormous subject, on which only a few hints can be given here.

The first thing to learn is the half ball losing hazard.

THE HALF BALL LOSER.

Any billiard marker will show you this. It is one of the easiest, and perhaps for an amateur the most useful of strokes, for, properly played, the "leave" is, so to speak, automatic.

It is, as I say, a perfectly easy shot to make, yet few amateurs use it with any success. Why? Because they won't start by practising it and nothing else. They want to get on to screw cannons, run throughs, long jennies, and other difficult shots. They want to run before they can walk.

Practise the half ball "loser" until you can do it five times out of six, and you have laid the foundations of success.

Keep on doing easy shots until they are absolute certainties to you and you will thus acquire that confidence that means victory.

It is not the billiard player who now and again brings off a difficult shot, but the steady man who never misses an easy one, that wins at billiards.

THINKING AHEAD.

"Strength," "touch," "power of cue," those are things you can only learn by practice. But don't begin thinking about or playing for position until you are certain of the shot.

On the other hand, you will never play billiards until you have learned to play for position, that is, to play a shot in such a manner that having made it the balls will be left in a position easy to score from.

I don't know how many shots ahead professional players think—dozens probably—but it is rather exceptional to see an amateur think two shots ahead. The majority don't think even one, but play solely to make the stroke.

I repeat the beginner should make certain of the shot before bothering his head about strength or "leave." But so many amateurs never play for position and therefore never really play the game of billiards.

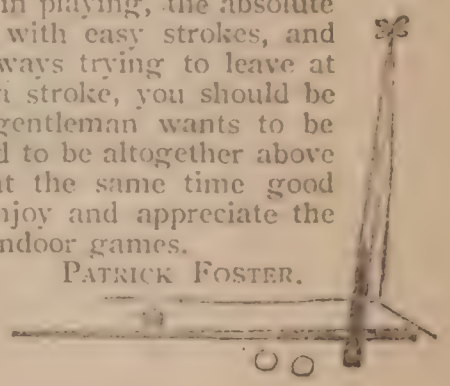
As with individual strokes, so with playing for position, take something very easy at first, and keep on doing it until you can, so to speak, do it with your eyes shut. And so you will gradually advance to the successful solution of more complicated problems.

A SCIENTIFIC GAME.

Finally, billiards is a scientific game, calling for considerable intelligence. Yet few amateurs will take the trouble to study it at all. That is why the majority fail.

However, if you will bear in mind what I have said about comfort in playing, the absolute necessity for beginning with easy strokes, and the all-importance of always trying to leave at least one shot on after a stroke, you should be quite as good as any gentleman wants to be at billiards—not too good to be altogether above your companions, but at the same time good enough thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate the charms of the finest of indoor games.

PATRICK FOSTER.



THE COLD BATHER.

A SKETCH.

None of us will forget the day when Mr. Derwentwater first made his appearance at our boarding house breakfast table. A propos of nothing he began to talk to the landlady concerning the virtues of cold water. That morning he said he had had a most enjoyable cold bath, and he further volunteered the information that he had had one every morning for the past ten years.

Some of us wondered a little why he should have found his bath on this particular morning so enjoyable as to be worth mentioning, seeing that after having so much experience of cold baths one might have expected him to be by this time a little blasé concerning them; but it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and so we allowed his little homily on the virtues of low temperatures to pass without comment.

In the evening we congregated once more round the none too festal board, and once more Mr. Derwentwater commenced a discourse on cold baths. He felt so extremely fit, he said, in fact he always felt fit, and just because he had a cold bath each morning.

It is not necessary to give in detail the many arguments with which he favoured us concerning cold baths. You can imagine them for yourself. It is necessary, however, to let you know, in order to justify our subsequent action, that whenever we met him he made some remark on cold baths, generally to the effect that it required a great deal of pluck to take a cold bath, and it was because other people did not possess the requisite courage that cold baths were not so popular as they ought to be.

We stood it for a fortnight, and just as the peace of our happy home-from-home appeared to be likely to be irretrievably ruined Jenkins suggested that he did not believe Mr. Derwentwater took a cold bath at all. "I can hear the water rushing into the bath each morning," he said, "but I don't believe he takes one. I never will believe it unless I see him with my own eyes."

This remark suggested a method by which we could either secure the eternal discomfiture of Mr. Derwentwater, or else satisfy ourselves of his superiority, and so on the following morning, when he had arrayed himself in his bath robe, and betaken himself to the bath room, we rushed from our respective bedrooms and listened in the passage outside the door.

We could hear the water dashing into the bath from the cold tap. We knew it was cold because it runs stronger than the other. Presently we heard strenuous splashing, and we could distinguish that strange outdraft of breath which a groom makes when he is brushing a horse, or a man when he is trying to keep water from entering his mouth.

Then Jenkins went for a little stepladder which the servant sometimes uses when the cobwebs get very noticeable, and we placed this against the bathroom door. Above the door there is a little window and through this each of us had a peep.

There stood Mr. Derwentwater beside the bath, splashing the water with his hands. As we watched him he presently let all the water out and then had a nice warm sponge from the hot tap.

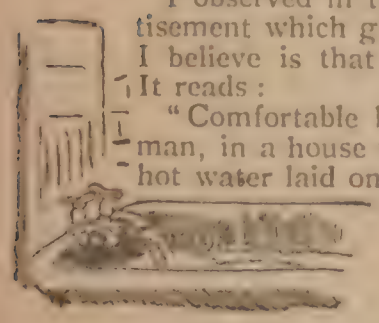
We waited till he opened the door. Then we took him, held him till we had filled the bath with cold water, dipped him in, and kept him under for a couple of minutes. He assured us that he believed he would never recover from the shock.

We told him some of the nice things he had preached to us about cold bathing, but he would not listen.

I observed in this morning's paper an advertisement which gives at the foot an address that I believe is that of Mr. Derwentwater's office. It reads:

"Comfortable bedroom required by a gentleman, in a house where there is a bathroom with hot water laid on."

A. M. KIRKE.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CRITICISM. On an average I find amongst my letters each morning three of congratulation. There are many others which might, if I chose, be included under this category, but I am restricting the term to its narrowest sense. By letters of congratulation I mean messages from my readers, simply wishing me luck and expressing appreciation of the paper.

There are other flattering messages, accompanied by a manuscript or by a request for information on some subject; I am not speaking of them, but only of the average three, which breathe goodwill with no ulterior object, and which—I may as well confess it, brand it as weakness or vanity or what you will—make my day's work worth while.

You may say that three congratulatory letters is a very small number. Believe me it is a large one. When I was learning my trade on other people's papers I found that the editor of the average weekly thinks himself fortunate if he gets one letter of congratulation a week.

I should therefore be thankful, and so I am, but there are thorns to the rose.

There are letters of criticism as well.

They don't come from my regular readers, because their views are pretty well the same as my own. They are the handiwork of casual buyers of the paper.

ANONYMOUS INSULTS. Once or twice I have printed stories and articles which ridiculed the long-faced, black-gloved, teetotal crank (mind you, there is a wide difference between being teetotal and temperate), but in no case has such a contribution appeared without my receiving anonymous insults concerning it.

The cranks read such a story and it riles them. They do not write to me in the ordinary manner, trying to show me the error of my ways; they just tear out the page, scribble across it the word "Bosh" and post it to me.

I don't know whether they have some sort of society which prompts them in these matters, but I can assure you that "Bosh" is the word that nine-tenths of them use, and their methods are so similar that I must suppose there is a preconcerted plan amongst them.

In one point they are invariably the same: they remain anonymous. A man who writes an anonymous letter, or even sends anonymously such a criticism as I have been speaking about, is not straight; he is not English. I am happy to say that is no case is he a regular reader. The stuff I print is much too strong for the stomachs of the cranks. They do not try me twice, and I am glad it is so.

SOCIALISM. An anonymous letter lies before me as I write. "You're making a big mistake," says the nameless writer, "in being down on socialism; it is the coming force."

I was not aware of passing anything in which the socialist was attacked, but apparently I have done so. Or possibly it is just the general tone of the paper that my correspondent objects to. No matter.

This is not a political paper, but it is going to be one for a moment while I speak my mind on the subject of socialism. I regard that creed as a mixture of folly, humbug and fraud.

Have you ever known a socialist? You recall one, perhaps. What was the matter with him?

I have met several, and there was always a twist in their characters.

The socialist is a great man for rights—not other people's but his own. Possibly there is a pressure of work and it is a case of all hands to the pumps. The socialist will pump all right, but not after six o'clock. He has a right to stop then, and he stops. Possibly the business will be damaged if this work is not finished. "Then damn the business!" says the socialist. While pretending to be a disciple of altruism, he is the most egotistical and selfish person on earth.

Socialists are mostly fools or very young; the young ones often grow out of it; the fools are incurable.

The only wise socialists are the speakers. Some of them are in Parliament; some are trades union agitators; some do their orating at street corners. They are not fools, because they are making a living out of the game, but they are out-and-out rogues. They are preaching a gospel of universal generosity while they themselves are playing for their own hands and making an easy living out of their dupes.

I am not a political enthusiast, but I tackle this matter as an ordinary sensible Britisher, because I feel it my duty to the country I love to do what I can to back up those daily papers which are waging a war on socialism. None of us can stop the socialistic spouters, because they find the game too profitable for them to give it up, but we can, perhaps, save from their folly some of their younger disciples who are not too far committed.

Socialism is impracticable, it is the vapouring of men with private axes to grind, and it is driving trade and wealth from the country.

You can't have men equal unless they were born with brains of equal capacity, and that they never will be.

MORE. The above paragraph will bring me a rare old crop of the kind of anonymous letters I was telling you about.

LEARNING SPORTS FROM BOOKS. To what extent can a man learn a game or acquire proficiency in a branch of sport by the study of works on the subject? The wholly theoretical sportsman is a person one can scarcely conceive. Unless you take an interest in sport and practise it when opportunity offers it is scarcely likely that you will trouble to read about it. We may take it then that nobody attempts to play a game or to take part in sport after mere book study.

We are narrowed down therefore to a consideration of the usefulness of books to the man who already participates actively in sport.

He will learn much from them.

One of the smartest golfers I know, confessed to me recently that he had been taught the rudiments of the game by an old fisherman in a Scotch village, but all the niceties of play which he has since acquired had been got from books.

So too with a professional pugilist whom I number amongst my acquaintances. He has yours works on boxing with as much avidity as the average magazine reader swallows a sensational story. Many of the hits and guards which he finds described are not practicable in actual fighting, but he experiments with them and is able to use some and to make others useful after adapting them.

SPORTING DREAMERS. Somebody has said that a teacher of success is a man who has failed. Whatever the truth of this may be, I have frequently observed that the man who excels on the practical side of a sport is not generally of a contemplative or inventive turn of mind.

Very often it is the man who merely dabbles in the sport who sees new aspects of it and invents new methods of overcoming an adversary.

It is chiefly these sporting dreamers who write books on games, and they have much of interest to tell even to others who are, perhaps, better in actual practice at the sport than they are themselves.

For my own part I enjoy reading all the literature I can obtain concerning those sports in which I am interested; sometimes I get useful hints, and always I have the mental satisfaction of criticising the writer's statements.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

KIDNAPPING THE PRIZE CREW

By JOHN G. ROWE.

It was off the Moray Firth, while the Fisheries gunboat was patrolling. Her searchlight had picked up a trawler steaming steadily along with its gear down. Running alongside, the naval commander charged the skipper with poaching within the three mile limit.

"I deny it. I am not within the three mile limit," indignantly protested the skipper.

"You are under arrest and must accompany me to Cromarty," was the stern reply.

Checking his position on the chart and verifying his soundings, the gunboat's commander peremptorily ordered the skipper to stow the gear and sent aboard a prize crew consisting of a smart young officer and two men.

"Follow me as soon as you can, Harper," the commander enjoined his subordinate; and the gunboat headed for Cromarty.

"This knocks my boxing match with Bert Clinton on the head, Skipper," sorrowfully said Jack Holmes, the trawler's mate, as they parted at the wheelhouse ladder, the one to superintend the hauling-in process from above, the other to take his stand at the winch.

"I'm afraid it does, my lad," replied Skipper Brown. "Goodness knows how long they will detain us in Cromarty before they settle the case. We will not see Grimsby under a week or two, I'm certain."

By the time the trawl was got in, the great trawler swung inboard and opened upon the gunboat was out of sight.

Standing in front of the wheelhouse window, the skipper stared hard into the night in her wake. "I'm not so sure after all, Holmes, my boy, that we don't see Grimsby before the week's out." He called down to the foredeck where the hands were already wading into the slippery mass of fish, beheading, splitting open and gutting. "I think it's just possible that you *will* keep your appointment with Bert Clinton."

"What do you mean, Skipper?" asked the mate.

"Old Man" Brown grinned.

"I mean that this ship's not going to Cromarty this trip, my hearty."

He put his hand on the telegraph and shoved the pointer down. The bell tinkled, the water astern seethed into foam to the "chug-chug" of the screw; and then, to the bewilderment of the officer in charge of the prize crew, the trawler put about and pointed her nose for the open sea.

The lieutenant sprang on to the wheelhouse

"What are you going to do, sir? Run away? I advise you not to. You know the pains and penalties. But perhaps you don't. I order you, sir, to follow the gunboat straight to Cromarty."

"My smart young friend, we are not going to Cromarty this trip, if I know anything. This is a fine ship still, sir, and I'd have you remember that I am captain of this ship, sir; and, when she is not going to Cromarty, I mean it, sir."

"Captain Brown, you will suffer for it, if you persist in this. In the name of the law, I call upon you to follow the gunboat—to head for Cromarty!"

"I refuse. Do your worst or best, lieutenant. Still I should advise you not to try it on me now—any violence, that is. My crew outnumbers yours by four to one, and I know that every man of mine will stand by me in this. You have no more fancy for a Scotch prison than I have.

"Besides, I have given my word to the mate that this boat gets back to Grimsby in time for him to meet Bert Clinton, the mate of the Wildflower, in a boxing match for ten guineas a side, first thing Saturday morning."

"I can't help that, Skipper. You must and follow the gunboat to Cromarty."

"I must and shall keep my promise to my mate."

"Well, Captain Brown, you know what the consequences of your folly will be. The arm of

the law is long, sir. You can't escape it by going to Grimsby."

"It is not my intention to go to Grimsby yet awhile, lieutenant. The boxing match is not until Saturday morning, as I said, at five a.m., and this is only Monday. I'm not such a fool, lieutenant, as to make for Grimsby right away—to be arrested and sent up to Scotland, straight off the reel. Time enough to return on Friday night, sir, for our boxing match." It was in vain that the naval officer continued his protestations and threats at their thus defying the law. "Old Man" Brown was deaf to all he said, and at full speed the trawler ran out to sea.

Daybreak found her out of sight of land. Her proper crew were as gleeful as sandboys over this flagrant outraging of the law; and one and all were looking forward with eager anticipation and ardent hope to their champion meeting and knocking out the mate of the Wildflower.

The three naval men felt very sore over the flouting of their authority. They looked sulkily on; while the fishermen let down the trawl. Needless to say, they had to stand the ceaseless banter of the jovial skipper and his crew.

Not one aboard spared them. All from the old man down thoroughly enjoyed their discomfiture.

"They laugh best who laugh last," retorted one of the bluejackets. "You fellows will sing a different tune and grin on the other sides of your months, when we get to Grimsby, and the lootenant lays information agen ye."

"But perhaps ye'll never live to tell the tale," said Thompson, the coal trimmer, the acknowledged wag of the trawler. "What's to prevent us making ye 'walk the plank' like the pirates of old?

"What d'ye say, boys? We might as well go the whole hog—hoist the 'skull and crossbones,' turn pirates in real earnest, and make our prisoners walk the plank. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

There was nothing for it but for the prize crew to accept the situation philosophically. Fishing was continued, with the best of luck, until Thursday, the skipper and his captured captor dining together with growing good fellowship and conviviality every day.

That afternoon the trawler hauled in her gear for the last time that trip, amid the hearty cheers of her crew, and started on the run for port.

The naval men brightened up, as the Yorkshire coast was sighted, and referred gloatingly to the punishment in store for their kidnappers when harbour was reached.

But they reckoned without their host—jovial Skipper Brown.

Off Whitby, he stopped the ship and ordered a boat to be lowered.

"You will kindly get into it, Mr. Harper, with your two men, and pull ashore."

"This is an abominable outrage, sir. You will pay for it."

"Yonder is Whitby. You can easily reach it. Good-bye, lieutenant! I'm sorry I can't ask you to give me your company as far as Grimsby, but I shall always remember our pleasant little trip together. I suppose you won't think of running back to Cromarty straightway, or I'd send my compliments by you to your commander."

The lieutenant thought it best to get into the boat with his men, rather than sacrifice his dignity by being helped in. Amid the ironic laughter and merciless chaff of the trawler's skipper and crew, the boat was cast loose and the ship steamed away for the Humber.

"'Pull for the shore, sailor—pull for the shore!'" sang the irrepressible Thompson, as they parted.

The trawler reached Grimsby safe and sound, and her skipper disposed of his catch in plenty of time to accompany his whole crew to the rendezvous the following morning.

They had agreed to meet by the side of a wood just outside the town. It was an ideal spot for such an encounter, especially at that early hour, for there was not a stranger to be seen.

Neither combatant wanted any audience beyond his immediate pals. Both were fighting for the credit of their boats, and for the glory of holding the championship of the fishing fleet, and neither wanted anything more.

Applause of the multitude counted for nothing.

The men stripped.

There was no preliminary rubbing down; just an interrogatory "Ready?" and they set to.

And the two crews looked on in silent approval. A fight was in their opinion the best thing in life.

Jack Holmes and Bert Clinton were pretty evenly matched, and the fight was a sight to see.

Several persons—labourers and others whose business brought them out of their beds at that early hour, came up and swelled the little knot of the two ships' crews.

The two skippers were the chief seconds.

Jack Holmes proved the victor.

With a beautiful "upper cut," in the sixth round, he grassed Bert, who failed to rise at the call of time.

All crowded round to congratulate the victor, who bore his blushing honours modestly, as became so doughty a champion.

"Bravo, Jack! Bravo!" cried Skipper Brown, slapping his mate on the shoulder. "I'd kidnap the whole gunboat's crew—if they'd let me—to see such a fight again. Skipper Worrall, can't we put up another match between ourselves?"

"I think not, Captain Brown," said a cultured and well-remembered voice; and the old man wheeled to see Lieutenant Harper standing beside him, enveloped in a long cloak.

"My best congratulations to you, Skipper, and to you, Mr. Holmes—you put up a most excellent fight—but you are both my prisoners again. And I don't think this time you will be able to turn the tables on me."

He indicated some half-dozen or more coastguardsmen, who had silently emerged from a small wood near, together with his late little crew of two.

"I don't mind," said "Old Man" Brown. "I kept my word that we'd be here for the match, and my man has won. Say, did you see anything of the fight, Mr. Harper?"

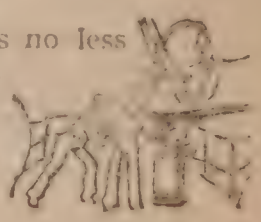
"I saw it all. We were here at the start and watched from the wood. I am not a spoil-sport, Skipper, and I enjoyed it as much as any of you, I'll be bound."

"You waited till it was all over before you showed up? You didn't arrive just this minute?"

"I've been watching in the wood all the time. Possibly I ought to have shown my nose sooner, but I was afraid I might put your man or the other off his best form, and I wouldn't have done that for the world. You're one of the best, Skipper, and I'm damned sorry I've got to arrest you."

"Never a word about that," said the trawlerman. "You're a sportsman, you are. Give us a shake of your hand."

And the grasp of the lieutenant was no less hearty than that of his late kidnapper.



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE FALLACY OF CO-OPERATION.

Co-operative societies have as benumbing an effect on trade here as the Trusts have in America, but unlike the Trusts they afford none of those legitimate opportunities for ambitious individuals.

If we look for a moment at the wider aspects of co-operation we find them wholly disastrous.

Take, for example, the county of Durham, where co-operation is rampant. In the old days a young man in the grocery business worked with the ambition of one day opening a shop of his own, marrying comfortably and rearing a family. The co-operative societies in that county, however, have made it almost impossible for the owner of a small shop to get a living and absolutely impossible for any new shops to be opened. The young grocer has therefore to content himself with remaining all his life a paid employee of the society. His salary is unlikely to rise much beyond 25s. a week, on which marrying is a hardship and the rearing of a family a millstone about his neck.

The canting humbugs who originated the co-operative movement made it one of the chief attractions of the system that the grinding capitalist should be destroyed and that labour should obtain its just reward. I ask any employee of a co-operative society whether he believes that he is obtaining proper recompense for his work. Unless the cant of the system has been so much absorbed that he actually hides the truth from himself, he will admit that he works for the society only because the conditions of trade which it has enforced upon him compel him to do so or starve.

In the old days the small tradesman was the backbone of British commerce, but in those lines of business which have been taken up by the co-operative society he is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. His loss is calamitous to the country.

So much for the effects of co-operation on those outside the movement. It ruins opponents. What does it do for those within the movement itself, for those who draw its dividends?

Let me take an illustration. At an ordinary boot shop you can obtain a certain quality of boot for 16s. 6d. If you go to a co-operative store you will have to pay £1 for this quality. At the end of the year 2s. 6d. will be returned to you as your share of the profit, so that you have thus paid 17s. 6d. for a pair of boots that you could have obtained anywhere else for 16s. 6d. Far from exaggerating, I am giving a very modest estimate. In many things the co-operative store charges much more than 3s. 6d. above the outside shopkeeper's price.

The shareholders, who are supposed to reap advantage from the system, have thus to pay more for the necessaries of life, even after they deduct the dividends which are returned to them.

It is precisely the same in every department, whether it be grocery, furniture, or anything else. £1 will buy as much in an ordinary shop as 25s. or 26s. will in a co-operative store.

The shareholders are thus overcharged for their dividends. They pay 5s. too much and receive at the end of the year half-a-crown, so that they are half-a-crown out of pocket.

The chairman of a co-operative society was recently heckled as to the smallness of the dividends.

"My friends," he said, "the size of your dividends must always depend on the amount you are willing to pay for the goods. If you are willing to pay us a penny more on every loaf and a penny more on every pound of sugar, I am safe in saying that our dividends for next year will be considerably larger."

That is the whole sum and substance of the system. It takes 5s. from the customer's purse and puts back half-a-crown of it into his pocket, with a self-sufficient smirk and some more cant about "See what you save!"

If the middleman is eliminated, and independent tradesmen know too well that such is the case, why don't the co-operative societies pay better? If they are saving all the middleman's profits where do these profits go?

The truth is that they are wasted. The directors of co-operative societies are labourers and artizans, with no knowledge outside their own work. Commerce is to them a world unknown. Just imagine the conditions of a co-operative society where a market gardener has charge of all the purchases for the drapery department, yet that is a case which has come within my personal knowledge.

The ordinary business man gives his full time and attention to his business; his energies are concentrated in one particular direction, his whole experience is relative to one line, and if he does not know the ropes of his own trade he must be dull indeed. With these amateur directors, however, there is no such experience or knowledge. They transact the society's business in their spare time in the most slip-shod fashion. And so the profits are lost. Instead of reaching the shareholder's pocket they are simply wasted.

I have shown that the societies damage trade generally and do no good to the shareholders. Why then should they be patronised at all?

There are two reasons. The first is that many of the working classes find it impossible to save money. Yet there are times when something more than the weekly wage comes in very welcome. Clothing and other things could only be bought in the ordinary way by judicious saving and management. The co-operative system enables the thriftless to do this without any such care. The working man's wife pays the co-operative society five shillings for every half-a-crown that they will save for her. If she considers the matter at all she sees that she is not getting back in dividends as much as she has been over-charged, but she does not grumble, because the society saves for her money which she would otherwise have wasted.

These societies flourish on this weakness of the working classes. They are acting the part of financiers whose charges are extortionate. It is cent. per cent. for every penny they save you. Those working men who have sense enough to do their own saving, provide more comfortably for their families than the patron of the society can possibly do. When the working classes become educated in this matter and acquire the faculty of saving money for themselves, they will gradually fall away from the co-operative society.

A second reason for the success of these societies is that they enable landladies to defraud their lodgers. These women buy their lodger's supplies at the co-operative store and charge him the full amount shown on their receipts. The dividend checks, however, they keep for themselves. They thus manage to extract five shillings from the lodger's pocket and put half-a-crown in their own. They do not mind letting the society have the other half-crown to enable them to bring off the swindle. And so the societies are thus accessories to fraud, however innocent their intentions may be.

With the enlightenment of the people we may hope that in time these inept and harmful associations will totter to their fall

FREE ADVERTISING.

SOME SHORT CUTS TO PUBLICITY.

Just as the best friendship is that which not be bought, so not infrequently the most tive advertising is that which is not paid The game is to get the papers to talk about certain thing, to cheat them into doing it, in fact, and then to give the public the explanation that the mystery is connected with the goods you have to sell.

The Law Courts are sometimes utilised medium for this type of advertising. Cons able interest was created in a suburb of Lo some months ago by one partner of a drapery shop seeking an injunction to res the other partner from selling goods at less than cost price.

The case was regarded as of some importance by commercial men, and the newspapers, especially the local ones, devoted a good deal of space to it. In court the complaining partner proved conclusively that the other had been selling goods at most sacrificial prices, and—that was that very gist of his argument—he was continuing to do so.

Consequently people rushed to the shop such bargains were to be obtained, and many new customers were secured. Eventually the suit was dismissed, after costing the about £100 in legal expenses and in the difference between the cost of the goods and the price at which they sold them, but to-day the firm is doing ten times as much business as it was before, and the advertisement secured was worth at least £1,000.

Another trick which is worked off from time to time is that of obstructing the pavement. A firm of drapers in Piccadilly some time ago engaged a man who earned a living as the man doll. He was placed in the window for half an hour and the firm invited the public to watch him and see whether they could detect any movement. The people turned out in their hundreds and the pavement was completely blocked by the crowd. The firm was prosecuted and fined, but the advertisement thus secured was worth many hundreds of pounds.

A variant of this is the blocking up of pavement with goods. Bales and bales of drapery will be planked down in front of a on a Saturday afternoon, until the pathway completely blocked. Then follows the inevitable summons, and the firm is fined.

In court the tradesman pleads that he did not prevent his wholesalers from sending the goods too late, and that the vast amount delivered was made necessary by his enormous turnover. He keeps quite dark the fact that specially instructed his wholesalers to deliver stuff at an unreasonable time, and rejoices in the free puff.

A very neat advertisement was secured by an Oxford-Street furnishing company. A feature of their establishment was the exhibition of a number of model rooms. Almost every newspaper one morning contained an amusing paragraph in which was related the fact that one of the attendants had on the previous evening discovered a man in one of the beds in the model rooms.

The man explained that he had done it for a bet, a friend having wagered that he had not the courage to undress and go to bed in one of these apartments. The editors unsuspectingly allowed the paragraph to go in, but the firm chuckled as they posted the cheque which they had agreed to pay to the man who was found in the bed.

The investment was a sound one.

Another favourite dodge, and one which is always fresh, is to offer a gigantic salary to a man who you know will not accept it. A music hall, for instance, which offered Mr. Macnamara £500 a night to sing one song, is referred to by practically every newspaper at no cost to the management itself.

A firm must not get a reputation for doing this sort of thing too often, but a little of it does a lot of good.

L. ABRAHAMS.

STEEPLEJACK EXPLOITS.

On every side is Death, grim and waiting for his meal.

—OVERBURY.

The steeplejack is generally trained from his childhood, and son succeeds father in the business. A sailor is used to climbing and to working at heights in all kinds of weather, but he would not be much good as a steeplejack, unless he had served some sort of apprenticeship to the business. For the steeplejack is not merely a man who can scale lofty, tapering spires and tall chimney stacks; he is a ...r and mason, who knows not giddiness or ...r of heights.

... famous London steeplejack, W. Larkins, ...w, lately ascended the spire of the French ...edral at St. Helier, a height of 300 feet, to ...d the huge granite fleur-de-lis at the top. ... massy block had been split in halves by ...tning during a storm and hung balanced ... dangerous position—was in imminent ...ger of collapsing. It weighed a ton.

...KY WORK.

... might one say that the steeplejack carries his life in his hands as he put up his ladders ... mounted to the summit. The block might ... fallen any moment he was ascending and ...ept him and his ladder to certain destruction. ... one would brush a fly from a wall.

... not the least risky of the operations were ...se the daring climber had to perform when ... steepletop was reached, as the reader can ...ll understand.

...-arkins some time ago personally challenged ... steeplejack to a trial of skill at ladder... shaft or spire, but I did not hear that any ... took it up. He first started climbing at ...en years of age. His brother was repairing ... chimney at Tons's Manure Works, Bow, ...d one day, escaping from school he ran up the ...dders to the top—between 140 and 150 feet. The method of climbing a chimneystack or ...steeple to-day is pretty much the same, except ...here in the case of a spire, the intricacies of ... architecture put insuperable difficulties in ... way of carrying the ladders up.

...AN FLIES.

Each ladder is 16 feet long, and the top end ... provided with iron sockets for the ladder above ... fit into. The steeplejack sets his ladder ...rtically upright against the base of the ...imneystack, we will suppose. He then ...ives an iron staple, or "dog" as it is called, ... the stone or brickwork a foot or two from ... ground, and firmly lashes the ladder to this ... a rope.

...n, heedless of the fact that the top of the ... is loose and liable to slip sideways with ...m, he runs up to the top and drives in another ...ple and fastens the ladder to it.

Now comes a perilous task if you like—especially when at a great height from the ...round, for the same system is pursued all the ...ay. Bestriding the top rung of the ladder in ...osition, holding on only by his legs, he ham...ers in the lowermost staple of the next ladder, ...d then, receiving this from his assistant be...w, he pushes it up the wall till he can fit the ...oom of it into the sockets of the ladder he is ...n.

And this has to be done at a height of 400 feet ... the same way as at sixteen!

In this way the jack can ascend to any height. But this is comparatively easy and safe work to that of taking down the ladders again, or of getting past the cap or cornice, which ornaments the summit of most chimneys.

These caps often project half-a-dozen feet beyond the straight. When they are reached, longer and graduated hooks are employed to hold the ladder sloped backwards. The steeplejack mounts this ladder with his body literally overhanging the earth, suspended above it at an angle of forty-five degrees or so.

The ladder projects some feet above the chimneytop, and the climber passes above this, and then has merely to step round the ladder on to the flat circular walk surrounding the great black hole.

THE BO'SUN'S CHAIR.

In the case of church steeples, the jack is generally able to start operations part of the way up by emerging from a window or door on the flat roof of the square tower or nave.

Once the summit of chimneystack or spire is gained, the steeplejack as a rule dispenses with the ladders for quickness' sake, and employs what is known as a "bo'sun's chair." This is a board which forms a seat and is attached by slings at either end to a long rope carried through a pulley at the summit and brought back to the ground.

Seating himself on the "chair, the jack hauls on the loose end of the rope and hoists or lowers himself up and down the height at will. When he wants to remain at any height he fastens the loose rope to his waist.

Should the rope slip from his grasp, nothing can save him from being hurled to instant death.

Steeplejacks often work on chimneys—building them higher, putting up a lightning rod or "pointing" them—while the furnaces are in full blast below and clouds of thick smoke, sometimes containing chemical fumes, are blowing all about them.

NARROW ESCAPES.

The Humber Company's shaft at Coventry was undergoing repair. The steeplejacks had got their ladders up, and the foreman was walking round the coping-stone, or cap, when a portion of it gave way under him. Fortunately he knew it to be unsafe and had had a rope thrown round it. His presence of mind did not desert him, and he managed to clutch this rope. He hung dangling from it over the awful drop until his assistants were able to pull him up.

Robert Campbell, a famous Scottish steeplejack, was fixing the last ladder to the top of the steeple of the parish church at Alexandria, Scotland, when the ladder rebounded on him. He was knocked from the spire to the roof of the church, fifty feet below, and fractured his skull.

G. Aldington, of Lancashire, was "pointing" a chimney one day near the top, when all of a sudden a flash of lightning took the trowel clean out of his hands. The trowel was never found.

FELLING A STACK.

Steeplejacks also have to bring to earth chimneys that are defective or no longer required. This is very dangerous work. The stone or brickwork at the base is cut away on the side to which the shaft is to fall. Stout wooden props are substituted for the masonry removed, and these are then set on fire.

As they collapse, the chimney leans over, and then comes down with a mighty crash. Great skill is shewn in making the chimney "telescope" well, and so fall within a certain area.

Smith once had to fell a chimney within thirty feet. He cut away and underpinned the whole of the base, and, when the props burned through, the shaft telescoped perpendicularly into one large heap upon its original foundation. Not a brick fell outside the thirty foot space.

M. E. SILVESTER.

ROUGH ON THE REF.

SOME FOOTBALL INCIDENTS.

The mobbing of a referee is frequently the subject of humour in the comic papers, but it is nevertheless true to life as even the best of our referees know to their cost.

Mr. C. D. Crisp, the famous Hampshire referee, was acting at a match at Reading some time ago, when he had occasion to award a penalty kick to the visiting team. A goal was scored, and it was this goal which turned the match against the home club. "You'd better look out for squalls," said an official to Mr. Crisp, but the warning was unnecessary, for immediately the match was finished the mob began to make for the unfortunate referee. Mr. Crisp however was not to be caught so readily, and as he tore along he was lucky enough to find a cab.

Jumping into the cab he ordered the driver to make off at full speed, but cabby's idea of speed was not particularly high, and presently the crowd overtook the vehicle and wrenched open the door. One can imagine their feelings, for they had chased this cab for over a mile, when they discovered that it was empty.

Mr. Crisp had hit on the very neat strategy of entering the cab at one door and leaving it by the other, and by the time the crowd discovered their error he was safe in the railway station.

Once when Mr. Kingscott was refereeing at Luton he was obliged to disallow the home team no fewer than four goals. As might be expected his decisions were greeted with roars of vituperation from the crowd, which was almost unanimous in its support of the local club, and he was not surprised when at the end of the match he observed the rougher element amongst the spectators crowding over the rails and making towards him.

He bolted for the pavilion and, slipping on an overcoat and a dirty cap, safely left the field by the private entrance, his identity being unsuspected.

It happened that one of the officials of the Luton club had recently been appointed, and the people of the town were unacquainted with his appearance, and it also happened that he resembled Mr. Kingscott to a striking extent. He was in consequence very roughly handled before the crowd discovered their mistake.

It was the irony of fate that Luton's supporters should thus assault one of their own team's most ardent helpers.

The crowd very seldom seems to give the referee credit for the slightest justice.

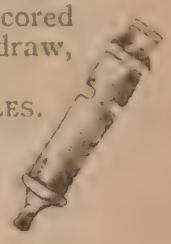
Mr. J. T. Howcroft is one of the most popular of referees both with public and players. In fact it is said that his decisions are invariably accepted by players as if the latter fully understood that even when these are adverse they are just and proper.

At a recent match between Southampton and Brighton however he was obliged to send a player off the field for rough play, for he is a man who will stand no nonsense. The supporters of the home team, enraged at this, were about to rush at the referee, but he knows how to keep spectators also in order, and he promptly summoned a posse of twenty police to his assistance, and escorted by them walked safely to the station, a jeering and hooting crowd behind him.

When Oxford University played the Royal Engineers, the referee laid down his watch in the dressing room while he was changing, and some wag turned the hands till it was fifteen minutes fast. When the Engineers had scored two goals and Oxford only one, the referee blew his whistle, and the crowd began to disperse.

On returning to the pavilion he discovered to his horror that he had stopped the game a quarter of an hour too early; he explained matters to the opposing teams, and the players immediately returned to the field, where before the expiration of fifteen minutes Oxford scored another goal, and made the match a draw, instead of a victory for their opponents.

ADAM ROWLES.



DONE BROWN

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By RADCLIFFE MARTIN.

Mr. Reginald Verner and Mr. Acton Somers—two of the most refined and accomplished gentlemen who have ever engaged the attention of Scotland Yard—were wandering through the West End one evening in search of good business openings for energetic persons with limited capital. They were shadowed by a great disappointment.

After carefully stalking a wealthy American lady from Paris to London, they had taken rooms at the same hotel with a view to investigating her portable property. That very night had been fixed for the deed. All possible arrangements had been made, when suddenly the hotel manager had sent for them, and had quietly but firmly told them that their rooms were required. When Mr. Verner put up his eyeglass and asked what the manager meant by this confounded impertinence, that functionary had, with a sarcastic smile, recommended them to complain to the police.

The game was up, so the two partners left the hotel instantly. The settlement of the bill too was a strain on their somewhat limited resources. It had been their intention to make a modest exit without going through the absurd formality of settling a bill.

So now they strolled along Piccadilly arm-in-arm, looking for opportunities of doing light and lucrative business. Mr. Somers sighed as he looked at the jewellers' shops.

"Why hadn't I a mechanical training?" he observed in low tones to his companion. "This shows what comes of a neglected education. I can force a bed-room door—thanks to the British builder's partiality for cheap locks—but places like that with their safety shutters are beyond me."

An elderly gentleman slipped on a banana skin, and tumbled almost into Mr. Verner's arms. Mr. Somers caught him cleverly and saved him from falling.

"Did you hurt yourself, sir?" he asked in kindly tones.

"No, thank you. You just saved me from an awkward tumble."

"It's abominable, outrageous, that such things should be left on the pavement."

"I shall write to the papers," said the elderly gentleman. "In the meantime I am much obliged to you, sir."

"Pray don't mention it," said Mr. Somers, bowing gracefully. "Good evening."

By a slight pressure of the arm he intimated to his companion that it was desirable to turn into a side street.

Directly they were out of the crowd Mr. Somers said, "Now I call that providential!"

"Watch?" asked Mr. Verner.

"No, sovereign purse. He put his hand on his watch as he fell. Let me see—only five pounds ten. And the purse is unfortunately only nine carat. The craze for cheapness is ruining the British people. Will you have three pounds, or two-ten and the purse?"

"Put me down for the three quid," observed Mr. Verner.

"Right—I'd just as soon have the purse. It's a good bit of stock-in-trade. Gives confidence, you know, when a man swaggers a sovereign purse. What do you say to a drink?"

The question was almost unnecessary, as Mr Verner's most intimate friends had never heard him respond to a similar query in the negative.

They went into a fashionable bar, and found a rather over-dressed young man talking loudly and standing drinks to all-comers.

Mr. Verner glanced at his partner as the youth put down a five-pound note to pay for a round of drinks. Mr. Somers closed one eye slightly. "A good mark," he whispered. "Talk horse and argue about racing."

Instantly Mr. Verner began to give his views of the chances of certain horses in a forthcoming handicap. Mr. Somers covered them with ridicule, and got so interested in the conversation that he gradually moved a little closer to the youth they had noticed. At last Mr. Somers, in making an emphatic gesture of dissent, knocked over the youth's glass with his arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" he cried. "I'm exceedingly sorry. I apologise for my carelessness. What was your drink, sir? I must order you another."

"Don't mention it," said the youth, slapping his pocket. "A drink more or less is nothing to me. I can pay for all I want and more."

"But I insist on paying. It was my fault. Now if you won't tell me what your drink was, I must take my revenge by making you join me and my friend here in a small bottle."

The youth was evidently impressed by Mr. Somers' exceedingly gentlemanly bearing, and accepted the invitation. The partners noticed, however, that whilst he was talking to them he kept his hand on his inside coat pocket. Mr. Verner looked at Mr. Somers, and the latter gentleman shook his head. There were two or three barmaids behind the bar, and women's eyes are sharp. Besides, the youth talked so loudly that the attention of everyone in the room was drawn to him. Soon the small bottle was finished, and the youth stood another.

"Going down to Hurst Park to-morrow?" inquired Mr. Somers.

"Hadn't thought of it."

"Well, we're motoring down, and there's room for another in the car. If you'd like to come, Mr. ——"

"Smith," said the youth, noting his pause.

"If you'd like to come, Mr. Smith, you'll be welcome."

"Thanks, old man."

"Well, let me see. The first race is at 2.30. Suppose we meet here at twelve, have a bit of lunch somewhere, and then run down."

"Right you are, but if I'm coming I must get back to my hotel. I've been on the jag a bit to-day, and unless I'm off now I shall never be able to get up in the morning."

The partners escorted Mr. Smith to his cab, but with drunken obstinacy he kept his hand fixed on that inside coat pocket. They might have tried to rush him in the passage, but at that very moment a police sergeant came in to inspect the house. It was too risky to attempt, so they shook hands heartily with their young friend and watched him drive away.

"A motor'll be beastly expensive," grumbled Mr. Verner; "they'll want cash in advance, and for all we know this young beast isn't worth more than a tenner."

Mr. Somers shook his head. "I can smell he's got money. Running through a legacy, I think. Don't worry about the car. This boy'll only cost us his lunch. We'll have him playing billiards after lunch. You know Ernest's billiard saloon—nice quiet place with two exits. I'll drop in early to-morrow and tip the marker to save us a table—the one in the little room."

"Ah! now you're talking," said Mr. Verner. "We can work the oracle there—providing the young beast turns up."

"Pooh! He's staying at the Belgravia. Heard him tell the cabman. We can easily run across him there. If we don't get him in the morning we'll have him at night. And if we do well out of him I vote we go back to Paris again. I thought we should have got down to [illegible] pockets in Piccadilly, old man. We've [illegible] our liberty to-night for five pounds ten [illegible] sovereign purse! That's degrading for [illegible] who's never been to gaol yet under three [illegible]

The partners were relieved the next [illegible] to find that their young friend was [illegible] After yesterday's spree he said he didn't [illegible] lunch, so they had a drink or two just for [illegible] bility. Then Mr. Somers looked at his watch.

"My man won't be round with the car for an hour and a half. What do you say to a game of billiards?"

"Right," said Mr. Verner. "Let's [illegible] Ernest's. There's sure to be a table at [illegible] there."

Mr. Somers detected a shadow of suspicion [illegible] his new acquaintance's face. He drew him [illegible] bit to one side.

"You're a regular man of the world, you are," he said.

"How's that?" said the flattered youth.

"You think we're going to take you down at billiards. There you show your good [illegible] It's never wise to play billiards with compar[illegible] strangers. Now Verner there is a decent player. If he offers to take you on, insist on fifty start in a hundred, and even then don't play him [illegible] more than half-a-dollar. That's enough interest to the game surely!"

Mr. Smith smiled craftily. "I'm on," he [illegible]

When they arrived at the saloon [illegible] promptly challenged the youth to a game.

"Play you level for a quid, old man?"

"Not me! I want fifty start."

"Look here," said Mr. Somers; "you're a [illegible] player, Vernon. You shan't play our friend [illegible] for a quid. Hang it all, a shilling a game [illegible] enough!"

"Rot to a shilling—I'll play him for [illegible] dollar," was Mr. Smith's inelegant response.

"Right," said Mr. Verner. "Beastly stuffy [illegible] here. It'll be coats off, I think."

The youth hesitated, and then, before having [illegible] his coat up, transferred a pocket-book [illegible] waistcoat pocket. Mr. Verner glanced significantly at his partner, and the next moment the game began.

Now, unfortunately, Mr. Verner was not a great player, and Somers scoffed at his play. "Anyone can see that you're not in form, old man. You've not got the hang of the table yet. Buck up, Mr. Smith. Don't miss anything now. Verner may find his form any minute, and come out with a fifty break. I'll bet half-a-dollar Smith beats you, Verner."

Mr. Smith paused in the midst of a break, a little uncertain what to do next.

"See," said Mr. Somers, coming up to him, "let me show you. Catch your ball just [illegible] with a touch of side, and try for a cannon right round the table. Ah! that's it—what a touch you have, old man."

As Mr. Somers leant over his pupil he [illegible] lightly removed the pocket-book.

"Go it, Smith, old man!" cried Mr. [illegible] "You only want twenty more. Ah! [illegible] red—now it's seventeen. In off the [illegible] Verner, he's got you on toast!"

And, as Mr. Somers talked in enthusiastic fashion, he gradually edged towards the door. Mr. Smith was so interested in his break that when at last he finished it, and looked round for Mr. Somers' applause, he was surprised to find that that gentleman had vanished.

"Where's Mr. Somers?" he asked [illegible] nent.

"He's just gone out of that door," replied Verner. "You don't leave me much, [illegible]

Mr. Smith clapped his hand to his vest [illegible] and with a wild shout rushed for the door in pursuit of Mr. Somers. Mr. Verner [illegible] put on his coat and left by the other exit.

Directly Mr. Somers had made his [illegible] hailed a hansom and told the driver to [illegible] to Shaftesbury Avenue at once. He had [illegible] to meet his partner at a quiet hotel there. [illegible] the cab was moving Mr. Somers [illegible] much-sought pocket-book. He gasped [illegible]

…o hundred-pound notes and
…y fifty-pound notes.

"Done him very brown," chuckled Mr. Somers. "Twelve hundred pounds—it's a thundering good haul."

He felt the notes carefully between his finger and thumb. "They're all right—not stumers—and twelve hundred pounds is a pot of money. Ah! that is, I should say six hundred pounds is. But after all I must never tell Verner it was twelve hundred. He won't think that whelp would have been worth two hundred. Oh, hang it all!—the division of the robbery will be in those beastly fifties. What a curse the press is! And if I don't give Verner his fair share he'll go and split on me. Six hundred pounds for me when I've done all the work. And if Verner gets six hundred he'll only drink himself to death. I could make a fine start on twelve hundred in the States. Be hanged if I don't. I'll get these big notes changed for small ones at once. There'll be a nice time to get in the Bank of England."

Mr. Somers having settled the question of the division of the spoil to his own satisfaction, gave fresh directions to the driver. When he reached the bank he went confidently up to the counter and handed over two hundred-pound notes and ten fifty-pound notes to a cashier.

"I'll take a couple of hundred in gold, and the rest in five-pound notes," said Mr. Somers pleasantly.

The cashier surveyed the notes carefully, initialled them, went away for a moment and then began to count out five-pound notes. Mr. Somers watched this interesting occupation with much pleasure. Suddenly a hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," said a quiet-looking man, "but you are in the possession of notes which are the proceeds of a robbery at Birmingham. We doubt you will be able to explain how they came into your hands. Perhaps you won't mind coming this way."

Mr. Somers glanced round and saw there were two or three more men ready to help the plain clothes officer.

As Mr. Somers stepped into a cab to drive to the police station he sighed deeply and said with a touch of pathos: "And I thought that green-backs were done brown!"

THE WRITER OF SONGS.

To adopt song-writing as a profession is to book a passage for the bankruptcy-court or the workhouse, without taking a return ticket.

One man whose name appeared on many of the most popular songs of ten years since, now keeps a small tobacconist's shop in Ludgate Hill; another, equally famous, is to-day picking up odd crumbs by writing paragraphs for the newspapers.

Money is made by a popular song, but scarcely any of it comes to the author, the bulk being taken by the publishers of his work.

You can measure those who make them. Song-publishing is a risky business, with much expenditure and little profit, and the publishers are only interested in adding to the revenues that come to their list.

If you have to make up previous losses.

If you write a clever song and take it to a publishing house, you may have it accepted but will receive no payment except the assurance that its publication will make your name known.

If, therefore, you have the talent for writing songs, go direct to a music-hall artiste. There is a possibility of a present should the song catch on at once.

Though some who can write ditties there is a living made in this way, but it should be kept entirely as a spare-time job and should never be relied upon as a sole means of support.

If you fancy yourself as a song-writer, remember other people are the best judges of your work, and drop the game if they don't like your

A RECREATION THAT TAKES YOU INTO THE GOOD FRESH AIR.

Pigeon Racing as Sport

To get a pigeon to return to its loft it is practically essential that it should be born there. The man who takes up pigeon racing is likely to be as eager as the novice in any other sport to plunge at once into the full joy of the pastime, and to this end he may purchase a pair of six-month old birds, intending to keep them confined for a week or two, until they gradually get to know him and the place, and then set them upon short flights. Back they go to their original owner, and if he prove dishonest the unhappy novice has to start afresh.

The best plan is to buy a pair of mature birds, and to keep them confined always, letting their progeny be your fliers. £100 has been paid more than once for an exceptionally fine bird, and it is difficult to get one with any sort of record for less than £5. £10 for a pair is a toughish price, and if the novice shies at it his best plan is to look about till he sees a pair of good structure—never mind the colour. From them he may breed birds that with careful training will rival the present champions.

The fancier should always be on the look-out for auctions where celebrated lofts are being disestablished. In May of the past year, for example, the Admiralty sold off the pigeons they had kept for communication purposes in Gibraltar and Sheerness. The pigeon service had been established for twelve years, and during that time the breeding had been carried on with the utmost care, all weak birds being weeded out.

STRENUOUS TRAINING.

Every day the survivors had been given a fly of 75 miles for exercise, and many of the birds had covered as much as 400 miles. Nevertheless the average price was only 11s. a pair, and the purchasers in every case secured a bargain. Such an opportunity as that does not occur once in a lifetime, but sales on a smaller scale, when private owners are breaking up a loft, are worth attending.

As soon as the young homers can fly their training commences. They should be taken in the first instance only a few hundred yards from their loft in order that they may become acquainted with the objects round their home. Then gradually the distance is increased, until by the time it is seven months' old the pigeon can cover 100 miles.

During its first year of life its flights should not be longer than that, but they may be distributed on every side of its home so that it becomes acquainted with the whole country. There has been much dispute as to how the homer homes, but it is generally accepted now that the return journey is largely a matter of eyesight, it having been proved again and again that birds are hopelessly at sea if a fog prevents their seeing the country beneath them.

LEARNING THE COUNTRY.

This should be remembered in all training, and the flights should be so planned that the pigeon gets to know exactly the country over which it has to fly in any race in which you may contemplate competing.

By the end of the second year you will gradually have increased the flights to 200 miles, but it is unwise to go beyond that distance till the bird enters its third year, when it becomes capable of its fullest speed and stamina.

In training the pigeon for a special race it is customary to let it practise from many points on your side of the spot where it is to be finally released. Practice has shown that it is unwise to allow a pigeon to fly from beyond the release point of the race day. In the case of the famous Winchester to Yorkshire race, for example, the competitors sent their pigeons in training to fly from Aylesbury, Reading, and sometimes even Winchester itself, but they did not send them to Southampton. It is considered that it is fatal to fly a bird backward, as the fancy calls it.

The great point in pigeon training is to let the increase of flight be gradual. In this way you cut down your loss to 10 per cent., whereas if you attempt too long flights your losses will quickly rise to 50 per cent. A flying book should be kept by every fancier, in which is entered up, after the pigeon's loft number, particulars of every flight it accomplishes.

Thus you can see at a glance what ground each pigeon is acquainted with and what it is capable of doing. This is but one example of the system which is so essential in successful homer breeding and training; the man who works on haphazard lines does not accomplish much in this sport.

BY CYCLE AND TRAIN.

The short runs are generally made by the owner on his bicycle, carrying the pigeons in a basket on his handlebars, but where the journey is a matter of hundreds of miles the birds must of course be sent by train, and here the principle of co-operation is extremely useful.

The National Flying Club is the leading organisation dealing with this sport, and it is backed up by the Yorkshire and Lancashire federations, but these organisations concern themselves chiefly with getting up races. The training of the pigeons is generally managed by the combination of a few friends who dispatch a hamper with so many pigeons each to some distant stationmaster.

These officials have orders from the railway companies to give every assistance to pigeon flyers, for the homer financier is a good customer. The stationmaster knows what to do, but on each hamper a little printed notice is fixed just to remind him that he must not release the birds in a windstorm or immediately beneath wires, and that he must fill in the exact moment of their release.

In a race pigeons are timed in a manner that is both simple and just. The time of release is telegraphed by the convoyer who on behalf of the club accompanied the birds. On each bird's leg is affixed a small indiarubber ring containing between its layers a secret number. When the pigeon returns to its loft, the owner must remove this ring and learn the number, so that he can fill it in on the telegraph form, along with the fact that his bird has got home.

BIRDS THAT WASTE TIME.

The Post Office stamp is evidence as to the time, and the discovery of the secret number proves beyond a doubt that the bird has actually come back. Sometimes the owner has great trouble with a bird which does not come inside the trap promptly, thus wasting much valuable time, for he must have the ring from its leg before he can send off his telegram. Some birds have a bad habit of hanging about outside the trap and many a championship has been lost in this way. The best cure is at all times to encourage the bird to come in by having some choice food quite ready for it. To obviate the anxious waiting in a pigeon loft, many fanciers now have the trap connected with an electric bell, so that when the pigeon pushes its way in an alarm is rung.

A cheap electric bell, a battery and a few yards of wire are all you need for fitting up such a contrivance; the knowledge of electricity required is small.

A useful tip for opening the rubber race rings is to have a bowl of water handy and dip them in it as soon as the bird arrives.

If your birds refuse to come into the trap, it is not a bad idea to keep them hungry before letting them out for exercise.

If this rule is followed, you will find that within a fortnight your birds will all trap within two minutes or so of settling. W. YEOMANS.

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By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

VII. THE COLCHESTER MYSTERY.

"That," said Page as he laid down the receiver of his telephone, "is the sort of commission I like. A burglary was committed last night or early this morning, and here I receive instructions before ten o'clock to take the case in hand."

"Then beagling is definitely off," I said.

"Emphatically," he replied. "You are of course welcome to come with me if you like. The place is Colchester and there are trains in abundance."

As we travelled down he gave me particulars of the case so far as he had got them over the telephone. A valuable collection of jewels had been stolen from a Mr. Sargood living at Wellridge House some three or four miles out of the town. He had apparently been a gentleman of some foresight, for he had insured the jewels heavily, and it was the company who were now liable to make his loss good who were instructing Page in the matter.

At Colchester station we hired a fly and drove out to the house.

Page introduced himself to the constable who was guarding the gate and we were conducted to the inspector in charge of the local police. Already Scotland Yard had sent down a man, and possibly the inspector somewhat resented this outside assistance being forced upon him—anyhow he was extremely courteous to Page and myself, perhaps in the hope that my friend would take the wind out of the sails of the Scotland Yard man.

"This is the case as it stands, Mr. Page," said the inspector. "Mr. Sargood, the gentleman who has lost the jewels, had for years kept them in a small safe in a room on the first floor just beside his bedroom. One of the servants this morning observed the door of this room standing open, and looking in she saw that the door of the little safe was also ajar and the window thrown up.

"The last thing in particular seemed to her to indicate that something was wrong, for Mr. Sargood had always seen to the fastening of this window himself the last thing at night. He was immediately awakened, and when he discovered his loss promptly telephoned to us.

"On coming here we discovered several important clues. We found footmarks beneath the window and we followed them through the grounds to where a hedge divided Mr. Sargood's property from the high road. Apparently the thief had entered by this gap and had climbed up to the window of the room, for the creeper beneath the window is badly torn.

"He must then have opened the window and picked the lock of the safe, for there is no trace of any violence having been applied to it. On securing the plunder he must have climbed down again by the creeper and crossed the lawn the same way as he had come for we can trace out two very distinct tracks of footsteps, one going to the house and the other coming from it. When he came to the gap in the hedge he had a small ditch to leap before he got on to the road, and apparently the jar of alighting shook out these from his pocket."

And the inspector produced from his pocket an opal ear-ring and a carbuncle scarf pin. "We found these in the grass by the roadside," he said, "and Mr. Sargood identifies them as being part of the missing property."

Under the eye of the inspector Page made a careful study of the footprints especially beside the ditch, where the ground was soft and the marks distinct. He measured the prints both for length and breadth, and paid the inspector a well deserved compliment for having kept the local busybodies off the grounds, and thus prevented these valuable clues from being obliterated.

"You know the district better than I do," said Page; "perhaps you have already discovered the manner in which the thieves escaped?"

"No," said the inspector; "we've made inquiries down at Colchester, but none of the railway officials observed a suspicious stranger leaving by a morning train. No doubt this was the work of a gang, and confederates were waiting with a motor-car to carry off the man who actually committed the burglary."

"Don't your men take the number of every motor-car that passes during the night?" Page asked.

"No," said the inspector, "we never thought of it."

"It might have been useful if you had," said Page.

When the inspection of the ditch was finished, we went up the drive to the house and introduced ourselves to Mr. Sargood. He was a tall man with a white face, black hair, rather a big nose and eyes that had a slight tendency to squint, and his manner was no more agreeable than his appearance. I am safe in saying that I have never in the whole course of my experience come across a man with a shorter temper. As soon as Page mentioned his business Mr. Sargood appeared to regard him as a natural enemy.

"Don't bother me," he said. "What have I to do with the recovery of the stones? I have paid heavy enough premiums to have their loss covered by the company you are acting for and if the directors of the company were a little more reasonable they would pay me the sum I insured for without all this fuss."

"My dear sir," said Page, "I need scarcely point out to you that it is your duty to assist in the discovery of the criminal."

"That may be," said Mr. Sargood, "but we do not all do our duty. First the local bobbies come here and tell me about the grand clues they have discovered, clues it seems to me that nobody could miss seeing, and next comes a man from Scotland Yard with a string of questions enough to turn one's head, and finally you present yourself."

"My questions, if you will answer them," said Page, "shall be limited to two. The first is did you hear any sound last night?"

"No," said Mr. Sargood, "I did not. Usually I am not a sound sleeper, but last night I slept like a top. Hurry up with your next."

"Where do you keep the key of the safe?"

"Underneath my pillow, and nobody could take it without awakening me."

We were in the library, and Page was glancing from time to time out of the window.

"If you will excuse me for a moment," he said, "I want to speak to the Scotland Yard man. I see him down at the door."

He slipped out of the room and a moment later returned.

"I wonder if it would be trespassing too much upon your good will," said Page, "if I were to have the use of this room for half an hour to interview your various servants?"

"Well," replied Mr. Sargood, "I suppose I can scarcely refuse, but let half an hour be the limit. At two o'clock to-day this house is going to be shut to all police and detectives, and I am going away for a holiday to be free of the worry of it all, and I won't leave my address."

With that he smiled rather sarcastically, and left the room. As soon as the door was closed Page jumped to his feet, laid his ear against the panel and listened. Then he opened the door and looked down the passage. No one was in sight. The floor of the passage was of a dark polished wood, and on this I could now see traces of a white powder showing two or three distinct footmarks where Mr. Sargood had walked across it on leaving.

"That," said Page, "is lycopodium. My pretending to see the Scotland Yard man was a blind. I simply came out and sprinkled this stuff on the passage so as to get the imprint of our worthy friend's noble feet." He knelt down and measured the prints, while I stood further along the passage to distract the attention of anyone who might appear. When Page had finished his work he fanned the powder to the bottom of the wainscot with his cap and asked me to come back to the library.

"I venture to think," said I, "that these footprints are exactly the same size as those on the edge of that ditch."

"They are," said Page, "identical in size."

Page now sprinkled the polished floor just inside the door of the room with the same powder and then he rang for the housekeeper. From her he secured a list of the servants of the household and requested her to send them to the library in turn at an interval of three minutes each.

Men and women filed in, and after each departure their footprints were measured and fresh powder spread. The last man to appear was a footman, and after his departure Page went out, found the local inspector and requested him to arrest this footman. The amazed official complied and the man was taken in charge. When his boxes were searched the gems were found packed away inside them.

"How did you do it all?" I asked as we seated ourselves in the train for town.

"It was a deceptive little case," said Page, "and one would have been pardoned for thinking that Mr. Sargood himself was the culprit that he had in fact got up a bogus burglary in order to secure the insurance money and the jewels as well; and he might very well have been made a victim of circumstantial evidence.

"The first thing that made me see that the burglary had been committed by someone in the house was the fact that at one spot where the two lines of the footmarks crossed I observed that the marks coming towards the house overlapped those going from it. This showed plainly that whoever made the footmarks must come from the house, and then returned to it simply as a blind.

"The fact that he had thrown two trumpery pieces of jewellery in the grass by the roadside at the very spot where they might reasonably have been shaken from his pocket by the jump showed me that I had a clever thief to deal with. The footprints were unquestionably made in Mr. Sargood's boots, but the footmarks on the ground were made by a man who walks slightly in-toed, and Mr. Sargood is flat-footed and does not do that.

"I therefore secured, in the way you saw, the footprints of all the servants, and discovered that the only in-toed man was the footman.

"How then do you suppose he managed to commit the crime?" I asked.

"Obviously he drugged his employer on the day evening, for do you not recollect that Mr. Sargood said he slept with uncommon soundness? Then to take the keys from beneath the pillow, rifle the safe, and don a pair of Mr. Sargood's boots would have been perfectly simple for to accomplish. The subtlety of the fellow lay in selecting the boots of his master and not those of another servant. He thus set up two barriers between himself and suspicion. The first and obvious suspect was some burglar from outside who might have made the footmarks on the lawn. Failing that line of investigation the police would probably have lighted on Mr. Sargood himself owing to the boots. It is a pity that footman turned to crime; he is clever enough to have done well honestly."

And Page sighed.

[*Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

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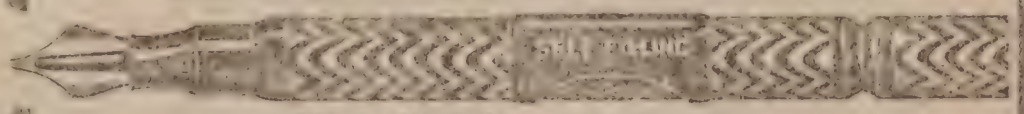

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How I Swindled my Audiences.

Oh, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Now that I am done with it all and can look back upon my naughty career without trepidation, I do not mind confessing that the swindles I elaborated were largely the result of the science lessons I had at a Board School. I was a good little boy and attended very carefully to what the teacher said about electricity and such things, and after I left school I studied then further from books.

My first appearance on any stage was as a knife-thrower. My assistant was a good-looking young woman, and she stood against a wooden partition while I threw knives towards her and planted them in the boards close against her skin without cutting her. The knives were handed round the audience before my show began, and everybody could see that the edges were keen and the points sharp. Consequently the people held their breath while I threw these knives, and I daresay marvelled that I could get a girl to undergo the ordeal for mere £ s. d.

NOT SO VERY DANGEROUS.

I was never exposed in this trick and I gave it up eventually as one must do with all such things, just because the public got tired of it. It was quite simple to work. An outline of the young lady was chalked on the back of the partition, and twenty very powerful magnets were fixed against the wood exactly where I wanted the daggers to come. Then a mark was made on the front of the partition so that the girl could stand each night at precisely the same place. When my magnets had been connected with the electric supply from the main they were powerful enough to attract a flying knife. I aimed as accurately as I could for the spot I wanted the knife to touch, and if I was anywhere within a foot of the mark the magnet caught the steel and changed the direction of my aim to the exact spot.

My next fraud was the result of a lucky find. I came across a boy who would, I believe, have been able to get a decent salary as a living skeleton. But living skeletons are off. I set to work and made papier maché models of hands in sections, and these I fixed upon my assistant. They were exactly like doll's hands, and they were so ridiculously thin that nobody would suspect that the hands of a human being could possibly be hidden inside them. A head was made with a thin wax face and fitted over the boy's head, a hole being left at the mouth.

NO DECEPTION, GENTLEMEN!

Then I exhibited him as the most marvellous automaton ever invented. He would sit at a table and draw, and the people were absolutely certain that the figure was not worked by mechanism from beneath the stage, for I set down solid blocks of clear glass as pedestals and laid the platform on which he sat above them. Watchmakers and engineers were puzzled as to how I had contrived it, and if I had been content to keep the boy drawing I daresay I should have been perfectly safe for years; but I went a little too far.

I announced that I had at last devised a means by which I could make my doll talk and even think, and I offered to allow members of the audience to put questions to him. These he answered in a thin piping voice which was obviously not that of a gramophone, and as I myself went down amongst the audience the people knew that I was not using ventriloquism. To bluff the people thoroughly you should always invite some of them on the stage, but never, never ask old ladies to be one of the committee. One particular even- evening there sat around the doll six grave and thoughtful men who were trying to puzzle out how it was all worked. Behind the doll sat an old lady, and when my back was turned she took a pin from her bonnet and pushed it into the back of my assistant.

I wheeled about when I heard the yell and saw my doll bolting off the stage as fast as his feet would carry him. Fortunately I was not very far from the auditorium door so I managed to escape also.

After this I started as a lightning artist, under another name of course. When the curtain lifted the interior of a studio was disclosed. On a pedestal stood what appeared to be a great lump of wet clay, and immediately after bowing to the spectators I wheeled about and feverishly began to scrape and scratch at that clay. In less than a minute I had brought it into a very passable representation of the King.

That trick was not very difficult. I bought a bust of the King and had it chipped about a little so as not to look too carefully finished. I stained it to exactly the colour of wet clay, and then coated it with a waterproof solution. When the performance was about to begin I covered the bust completely with little lumps of wet clay, and to make my beautiful sculpture I had only to pull these off. I did it skilfully and the audience never tumbled to the idea.

MYSELF, R.A. (TS!)

When I had finished with the bust I turned to an easel on which stood a plain canvas. I dashed open my paint box, squeezed some colour on a palette, and at once set to work upon this canvas. In less than two minutes that canvas bore a striking portrait of Lord Roberts. This portrait cost me thirty shillings, and it was painted in oils, so that when I gave it a coat of whitewash it was not a whit the worse. All I did before the audience was to daub it with a wet brush, remove the whitewash and thus reveal the picture.

Neither of these tricks was ever discovered and I was admitted to be a very wonderful artist, but I found that the big salaries went to the more sensational turns, and so I became a crack-shot.

One of my best tricks was shooting at numbered candles. I had a row of twelve, each standing in front of a metal target and board, and when I had taken my place at the very back of the theatre I requested the audience to name the candle they desired me to extinguish. When a number was agreed upon I fired, and out went that candle amidst great applause. As a matter of fact for this trick I used blank cartridges, and an assistant behind the target listened for the number to be called, and then blew out the required candle by means of a little hole through the target just as the report rang out.

I had to pay him enormously, though, to ensure the right candle going out.

THE SWINGING BALL.

Electricity once more stood me in good stead, for I arranged a wire with a ball suspended at the end of it and set this swinging from side to side of the stage. Having stationed myself at the back of the theatre I fired and the ball fell to the ground. Apparently I had severed the swinging wire. As a matter of fact the wire was in two pieces, the upper part being magnetised to hold the lower. When I fired my assistant pressed a lever turning off the current and letting the lower section drop.

The working of this trick brought me to another and more sensational one. I bought a number of small glass balls and inside each I fixed a detonator. The ball was placed on my assistant's head, and when I fired it smashed to atoms. Just where the detonator came there were two little holes and these were fitted up with two tiny spikes which were concealed in my assistant's hair. She stood with her hands at her sides and when the shot was fired she pressed a lever connected with a pocket battery and these wires, thus exploding the tiny detonator and smashing the ball. Of course the cartridges I used were blank.

One night the foolish girl exploded the detonator before I pulled the trigger, and I shall never forget the hooting and jeering of the audience. I was booked for one of the biggest tours and my contract was cancelled there and then by the management and so I was obliged to retire for a time, but during my holiday I have devised something which is trickier than anything else I have yet touched, and which you may some evening marvel at in your music-hall.

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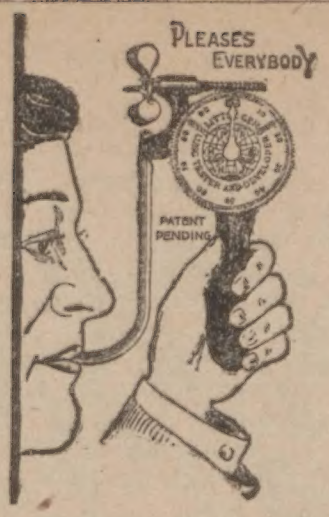

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The "Magic" Safety Inkwell.

Unspillable! Dustproof! Non-Evaporating! Self-Righting!
A Perfect Patent Inkwell for Pocket, Home, or Office Use.

Here is an inkwell that will give you every satisfaction and pleasure in use. Think of an inkwell that if either wilfully or accidentally upset will right itself—an inkwell, in fact, that absolutely refuses to upset and spill its contents. As illustration shows, the shape is that of an egg—hence this inkwell is sometimes called the "Columbus." The outer case is beautifully made of the new untarnishable and featherweight metal, aluminium. The inside container is of rubber, with glass fountain dip, which *allows only a proper supply of ink to be taken at each dip.* The "Magic" Columbus Inkwell is a splendid novelty, and makes a really acceptable present to a person of either sex and of any age.

It also recommends itself to every educated person who can appreciate ink free from dust and dirt.

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For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, ***properly*** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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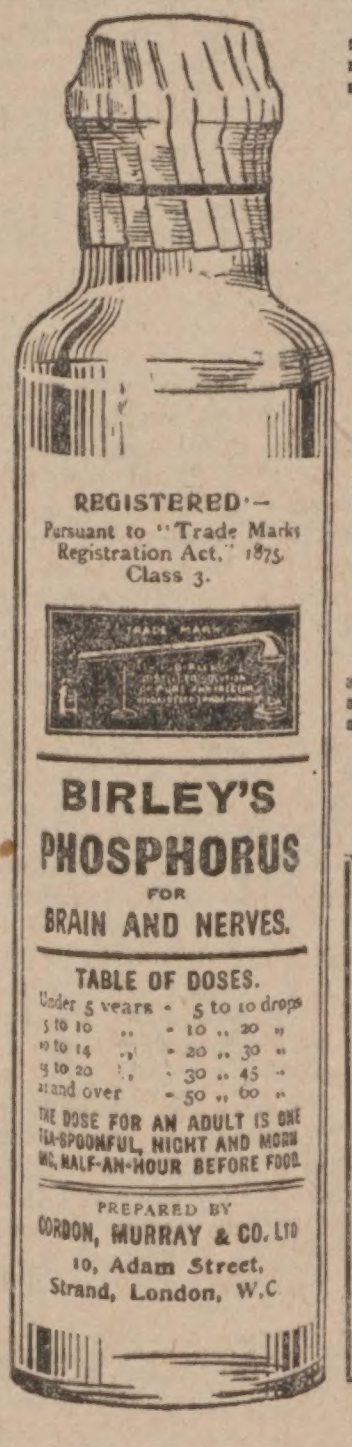
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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WORKING MEN'S CLOTHES.

The other day I got into a third-class smoker, in which two workingmen were already seated. They were eating something out of a paper, and they had both the windows closed.

The smell in the carriage was overpowering, and reminiscent of fish. I opened the window nearest me, to try and ventilate the place, but one of the men immediately asked me if I would mind closing it, as he had the "jaw-ache." Under these circumstances I scarcely liked to refuse, but in self-defence I lit a cigarette.

At this my fellow passengers began to cough and splutter, and show every sign of great inconvenience, forgetful of the fact that the carriage was labelled "smoking." Under the circumstances I think you will understand why I got out at the next stopping place, and betook myself to another compartment.

RAILWAYS THE WORST OFFENDERS.

These men, so far as I could judge from their appearance, were not employed by the railway company, but as a general rule you will find that the dirtiest passengers are from the engine shops of the company itself.

Possibly it may be because of the heated atmosphere in which these men are accustomed to work, but anyhow it is their almost invariable custom to seal up the windows, and if there are two of them in the compartment, they generally range themselves at either end, so that they may have the legal right to control the opening and closing of the windows. I invite the directors of any line running into London to enter any third-class carriage, and examine the corner seats. They will find them black and greasy, mostly as a result of the filthy condition in which the employees of the company are allowed to enter the carriages.

HONESTY AND CLEANLINESS.

This opens up the whole question as to workmen's clothes. If this paragraph meets the eye of any working man, I daresay I shall receive a violent letter, protesting that there is no person so honest as the worker, and that he is too serious-minded a person to have anything to do with foppery.

If honesty is incompatible with cleanliness allow me to resign all claims and ambitions to being honest. I cannot help thinking that it would be better for the health of working men, as well as for the comfort of their fellow passengers, that the French system should be followed in our British factories. The French labourer does not think it inconsistent with honesty, nor does he reckon it foppery, to wash himself before he leaves his work, and, if that work is of a dirty character, to change from his working clothes into others.

Greasy fellow passengers are unknown on the Continent, or at any rate I have never met them, and I do not think it would be any particular hardship for their numbers to be restricted in Great Britain.

That my suggestion is perfectly feasible is proved by the example already set by our housepainters. These men don over-alls while working and strip them off when they have finished, and present a clean and tidy appearance as soon as their labours are done.

Let other workers follow suit.

DRESS THE PART.

A large employer of labour was recently talking with me as to the important part which clothes play in the success of an application for employment.

He pointed out that, when a man is engaging a servant, he endeavours to read as much as possible of his character from his outward appearance, and in nothing can this be so readily done as in the matter of clothes. Expensive clothes count for nothing in this respect, but the tidiness of the applicant's suit, and evidence as to whether or not it has recently been acquainted with a clothes brush, have much to do with his obtaining the post.

There is a distinct danger in overdressing when one is applying for certain positions. An acquaintance of mine applied to a Regent Street firm for the position of head packer. He presented himself in a frock coat and tile hat, and was informed that, though his credentials were satisfactory, they wanted a man who was not above working with his own hands. They did not want someone merely to superintend others. He would have done anything to get that job, but he had fallen into the error of overdressing and lost it.

DRESSING GOWNS.—

I am well aware of the fact that many men do not consider a dressing-gown to be an indispensable part of their wardrobe. Certainly if one is cutting down expense to a minimum it is a garment which can be done without, but for those who have a spare fifteen shillings or a guinea to spend on clothes, I think that a dressing-gown investment is a very good one.

The Kaiser once said that none of his family ever wore dressing-gowns, because as soon as they got out of bed they had to get into clothes in which work might be done, but that of course is just his little method of advertising. A dressing-gown is extremely useful in the mornings. You breakfast, let us say, at eight o'clock, and in order that you may be shaved and dressed in time for the meal you get up twenty minutes earlier.

Some fine morning, however, you wake at five minutes to eight. You have worked out things to a nicety, and you know that, if you dress before going down, it will be a quarter-past eight till you get to the table, when you will find that things are out of condition, and your morning meal loses any of the little pleasure that it ever holds. If instead of dressing fully, you simply slip on the most necessary garment and then don your dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, you may present yourself at breakfast at the right moment.

This is one of the cases where circumstances play their notoriously important part. Although there is nothing indecent about a dressing-gown, yet you would probably shock your maiden aunt if you appeared at table so arrayed. I make the suggestion for the benefit of the man who is either in lodgings or who lives intimately in the bosom of his family.

—AND BATH GOWNS.

The dressing-gown is extremely useful again if you have a bath before dinner in the evening. Without it you would be obliged to dress at least partially before leaving the bathroom; possessing it, you simply take it with you when you enter that compartment, and slip it over you when you have finished your ablutions.

If, as is probably the case, you purpose getting into other clothes from the ones you have been wearing, the dressing-gown will thus save you the trouble of a double dressing.

I have no faith in the silken robe of great price. So long as a dressing-gown is made of something soft and woolly, it is about the only stipulation you need insist upon. The manufacture of a dressing-gown might possibly be entrusted to the lady friend, if you are sufficiently lucky to possess such an one, who may also be persuaded to knit your socks.

A gown of ordinary Turkish towelling is not a bad substitute.

WHEN BEING MEASURED.

My dealings with tailors in many different towns and in several parts of the world have shown me that the customer's best policy is to place himself unreservedly in the hands of a good tailor and not to hamper him too much with instructions.

Let him express any special desires he may have in regard to the fitting of the suit, but let him also remember that the tailor (if he has chosen him wisely) is a competent workman who does not require to be instructed in the elements of his trade.

I have heard men in a fashionable tailor's dictating the number of inches that their sleeves were to measure at the wrist, the number at the elbow and so forth.

This sort of fussiness is not only insulting the tailor, but it is a means of depriving the customer of the experience and skill which the tailor would exercise if such matters were left to his own judgment.

HOW TO STAND.

It is scarcely necessary to say that you cannot get a good fit if you puff out your chest to abnormal size in getting measured, but it is worth while mentioning the need of adopting an absolutely natural pose.

I have known a man, the possessor of a good figure and carriage, stand when being measured like a bolster. He had been warned not to assume a strained position, and he had fallen to the other extreme.

If you are in the habit of walking erect, stand erect when being measured.

It is only fair to the tradesman to warn him of any physical peculiarities you may have. If you know that your left shoulder is higher than your right tell him so. You may want to disguise the fact from other people, but the tailor, like the doctor, you must take completely into your confidence.

Certain physical defects may be momentarily concealed. A stout man may contract his waist for a moment, the man with a tiny chest may puff himself out, but however excusable such devices may be, under other circumstances they are fatal when dealing with your tailor.

SILK HAT TROUBLES.

If your topper has received unkindly attentions from the spokes of a lady's umbrella, or if you have been unfortunate enough to have it blown from your head, you may persuade the tile to resume its former glossiness by gently sponging it with cold water. When quite dry brush the hat well, and give it a final polish with a silk handkerchief. If that does not restore it to its former glory you will require to have it ironed.

By the way, you will always make a tile hat look better, if you warm your silk handkerchief before rubbing it.

I should advise my readers to beware of all the preparations which are sold for the purpose of imparting glossiness to a silk hat. All of those that I have seen give the hat a greasy appearance, and they leave it in a sticky condition which makes every particle of passing dust adhere to it. If you wear a silk hat habitually you must from time to time have it ironed by a hatter. It is an expense, but silk hats are expensive things to wear.

SPOTS ON LIGHT CLOTHES.

We are a sombre clad people, take us all in all. A few daring spirits cultivate light clothes, but even the most ardent enthusiasm will wane under the stress of keeping a light suit spotless, and they return to darker hues.

If a stain will not yield to brushing, wet fuller's earth should be dabbed over it, and the garment should then be laid aside till thoroughly dry. All dust must then be brushed and beaten out, and you will always find that the stain has come out with it.

Fuller's earth appears to have some magic property in dissolving grease, and it has the distinct merits of being cheap and cleanly to apply.

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Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip Cook M.D.

MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Ed. Keate
Major General

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry
Colonel

COL. BAGOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

R. Bagot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

M. M.

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The Most Perfect System in the World.

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Every man, woman, or child at some time in life feels the need of the physical ability necessary for Self-Defence. The possession of a knowledge of JU-JU-TSU is your only **certain** protection.

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DEAR MR. GARRUD,—I was invalided home from India a perfect wreck, and after a course of 12 lessons with you I am feeling quite strong, have greatly increased my weight, and my strength is twenty times what it was a fortnight ago. I cannot too strongly advise anyone who is not in very robust health to take up the finest system on earth, *i.e.*, JU-JU-TSU.—Yours sincerely, R.S.T., Lieut. 13 Rajpan.

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